THE LIVING AGE

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AROUND THE WORLD

'Black Legend'

WHO invented the term — whether an American or a foreigner — is uncertain, but as pressmen and bankers drift back to this country from the summer round of international conferences abroad this ominous word, 'the black legend,' is heard with increasing frequency. It owes its origin to the theory that a partly spontaneous, partly deliberate, effort is being made abroad to besmirch America's reputation and to substitute her in the international pillory for the Germany of 1914. As Germany's rapid rise to industrial and military power was the secret of her pre-war unpopularity, so America's unprecedentedly rapid rise to financial supremacy, and in particular her new, and therefore all the more resented, position as a creditor nation, are supposed to be the ultimate reason for this hostile alliance of world opinion. Some of our returning emissaries of the pen or the purse make Paris the focus of this new propaganda, which is represented as working quietly to organize the Latin nations, including Latin America, against the United States, to be seeking the coöperation of Japan, and to be laboring to widen any rifts that may appear in Anglo-American relations. Others see subtle Albion, determined to remain mistress of the seas, to defend London's ancient position as the world's financial capital, and to maintain and augment the world imperium of Britain, as the real propagator of the movement. Britain and France have a common interest in converting the mandate dependencies they received by the Versailles Treaty, which promised to be the most valuable booty, — indeed, practically the only valuable booty of the war, — into private freeholds. Germany would be drawn into the anti-American orbit by reducing or abolishing her Dawes obligations — conditionally, of course, upon an annulation of our war claims against Europe. This, we are told, explains the eagerness with which every opportunity to discredit and misrepresent America is seized upon abroad. Incidents in Nicaragua and Haiti easily paralleled in Europe's African mandates, in Syria, Tonquin, or New Guinea, are exploited as unique atrocity stories. The failure of the Geneva Naval Conference is inter-

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preted as a victory for the 'big navy faction' at Washington. Chauvinists and reactionaries suddenly become Sacco-Vanzetti enthusiasts, who discover that the real villain in the Dedham case is Yankee xenophobia. Pertinax, the nationalist and near-royalist leader writer of the Clerical *Écho de Paris*, tells his readers: 'In the old Puritan city [that is, Boston] antiforeign sentiment is exceedingly violent. 'T is there that the Mayflower landed [*sic*], 't is there that the chests of British tea were thrown into the ocean, giving the first signal for the War of Independence. The old families, the guardians of tradition, feel that their influence and power are being undermined by Canadian-French, Italian, Irish, and Slavic immigrants, who have settled to the number of more than a million in the vicinity. So they have persuaded themselves that pardoning these two criminals would be synonymous with their own abdication.' A sincere note of human sympathy rang out, however, in such appeals as this, by Louis-Jean Finot, editor of *La Revue Mondiale*, in his popular Paris review: 'To have been condemned to death for six years, waking up each morning to ask themselves in anguish whether that dawn might be their last, is a torture too long protracted. Even be they guilty, it is an atrocity.' That was the conclusion of the *Daily Telegraph*, which, while approving the report of Governor Fuller's investigators as one that 'will be generally accepted' and as 'substantially satisfying the demand for a review of the case,' added: 'The instinct of humanity cannot be unmoved by the consideration that these men have been living in the shadow of death for six years past — an extent of moral suffering, in addition to the penalty of the law, not contemplated by any civilized code.'

Such a 'black legend' theory as we have mentioned, however, assumes unplausible cleverness in our cumbersome modern world. It belongs properly to the politics of the little city-states of Machiavelli's Italy. Nevertheless, it is significant that it should be so widely accepted. For political myths are sometimes symptoms of political actualities, and it is conceivable that the irresistible drift of world events is destined for some time to come to make the United States the target of the world's ill-humor.

While Continental newspapers were of virtually one mind in attributing President Coolidge's withdrawal from the presidential race to the failure of the Geneva Naval Conference, English editors, with a better knowledge of our political backgrounds, followed the American press closely in their interpretation of his action. The *Manchester Guardian* said: 'He has taken a line which his judgment tells him is the one most calculated to settle his personal problem in harmony with the traditional feeling of the American people.' A few papers alluded to the undignified pictures of 'Cal' in cowboy costume as symbolical of his determination to break away from the trammels of his office. British press comment on the failure of the Naval Conference was moderate and free from its earlier acerbity. Its tone is fairly well represented by the *Times* conclusion that 'the weeks spent at Geneva will not have been wasted so long as they are not allowed to become the starting point of a campaign of faultfinding.'

Mr. Baldwin and the Farmers

Rarely has the British press recorded so little domestic news of more than local interest as during the past few weeks. With the Premier and the princes jubilating in Canada, the nation seems to have dropped off into a midsummer doze. To be sure, just

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before he left for the Empire's premier Dominion Mr. Baldwin angered British farmers by preaching to them the same gospel that Mr. Coolidge preached to American farmers when he vetoed the McNary-Haugen Bill. He told them their troubles were due to a world crisis in agriculture which no national legislation could remedy, and that their ailments could not be cured by governmental nostrums. 'We must realize that the problem before us is economic and not political. If you regard it as a political problem, you will be sidetracked in a dead end. . . . Better marketing is the principal key of the whole situation. Better quality — good as the quality is in this country — good quality pays, and will pay every time.' He did, however, advocate reducing taxes on cultivated lands. This well-meaning advice was taken in exceeding ill part by the farmers to whom it was addressed. Indeed, the National Farmers Union issued a reply in which it politely inquired: 'Has there ever been a more flagrant example of the art of the political cheapjack?' Notwithstanding this bucolic fury, Sir Horace Plunkett, the venerable mentor of Irish agriculturists, commended the speech as 'the best that has ever been made on agriculture by any British prime minister in my lifetime.' The reason is that Sir Horace holds with our own President that the salvation of agriculture lies in coöperation, and that 'coöperation, to be successful, must come from the farmers themselves.' Mr. Baldwin is somewhat handicapped, however, by the fact that four years ago, when advocating protective duties for English manufacturers, he also publicly expressed himself in favor of a sort of McNary-Haugen bounty for British grain farmers.

It becomes increasingly evident that British trade-unionism suffered the worst setback in many years from last year's coal strike. One of the strongest towers of that country's labor fortress was the Miners Federation, which now shows signs of crumbling into a shapeless heap. Refused recognition by the operators, reduced to half its former strength with one member in every five out of work and its leaders discredited, it is in a truly pitiful state. Moreover, as often happens in defeat, the harmony needed for reconstruction is lacking. A nonpolitical union fathered by Mr. Spencer, the seceding conservative leader, is making progress, while the radicals under Mr. Cook remain as intransigent and fire-eating as ever.

Franco-German Irritants

The extent to which the official mood of France determines international good will and ill will in Europe may be measured by the way the alternating ascendancy of M. Poincaré and M. Briand in her foreign policies affects public opinion abroad. Just now the Premier has the platform, and a prickly rash of petty irritation has broken out in the European press. The presence of a party of German military aviators as guests at the recent British air manœuvres at Hendon provoked an explosion of wrath in the Paris papers, which represented Berlin's action in authorizing or permitting such a mission as a piece of intolerable presumption. Socialist papers in Germany were not particularly happy over the visit, which they connected with possible Anglo-German coöperation against Soviet Russia. Even more irritation was caused by a speech by the Belgian Minister of War, Count de Brocqueville, delivered in the Senate shortly after Poincaré's recent Brussels speech. In reviewing the charges against Germany current among the Allies during the war he denounced the alleged

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insincerity of her disarmament measures. This provoked an interchange of notes between Berlin and Brussels which contributed little to clarifying the topics discussed but did more than a little to revive old animosities. *Vorwärts* points out, however, that the controversy with Belgium was provoked by the tenor of a recent report of the Reichstag Committee upon the Conduct of the War dealing with the *franc-tireur* fighting in Belgium. Furthermore, Poincaré, although he constantly recurs to the war in his public addresses, has consistently stressed the necessity for an understanding between France and Germany — or what the French Socialist organ, *Populaire*, amusingly calls a 'Poincarno' policy. Caillaux in his political speeches preparatory to the next general campaign advocates an immediate evacuation of the Rhineland.

Resignations To and Fro

Chancellor Marx's resignation from the Reichsbanner, Germany's great triparty pro-Republican guard, because President Horsing of that organization publicly denounced the Christian Socialist Cabinet of the Chancellor's fellow Clerical, Seipel, in Austria at the time of the Vienna riots, has been followed by Comrade Horsing's resignation as *Oberpräsident* of Saxony. This doughty Social Democrat, who has hammered his way to a leading position in his Party from the blacksmith's anvil, is the most vigilant champion of Republicanism in Germany. He now refuses to be hampered by public office in the free exercise of his right of blunt speech from the public platform. Meanwhile *Preussische Kreuzzeitung*, the mouthpiece of Conservative North German Lutherans, was aroused by the Vienna riots to deal this blow to *Anschluss* propagandists: 'Austria and Prussia can never be driven in political harness. The union of the two countries would destroy our nation. Austria would at once begin to talk secession. Germany would have a National government ready to submit to anything that France asked. The Reichswehr would become a Red Guard docile to Poincaré's behests.'

Political conditions in Russia, hazy at best, have grown foggier than ever since her relations with Great Britain were terminated, and the proportion of misconception and deception in alleged news dispatches from that country has increased. It seems certain, however, that Trotskii, Zinoviev, Radek, and the minor insurgents against the present Stalin régime have not been completely silenced. They form something approaching a united Opposition, although they disagree doctrinally among themselves, and have no weapon except more or less *sub rosa* agitation to employ against the men in power. A trial of strength is predicted at the postponed Fifteenth Communist Party Congress which is scheduled to meet on the tenth anniversary of the Bolshevist Revolution, this coming autumn. The existing divisions are entirely within the Party, and relate to tactics rather than principles. They may degenerate into a mere scramble for personal power. In any event, they promise no essential change in Russia's present political and economic institutions, except as they may weaken the Bolshevist régime and thus offer an opportunity for a non-Bolshevist party to seize power.

Corruption in the Balkans

Summer time is voting time in several Balkan countries, and Rumania and Bulgaria have already gone to the polls. Yugoslavia holds its elections on September 11, and Greece has adopted the more direct method of continual revolution to keep political

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interest awake. On the whole, the Greek system of government is the better. It involves no more bloodshed than has attended the efforts of the Opposition supporters in countries where ballots as well as bullets hold sway, and it gives almost everyone a chance to practise the art of government. A former Rumanian statesman once said, 'Give me prefects and gendarmes, and I'll have the majority.' The same conditions hold to-day. Last year General Averescu received, by special arrangement with the brothers Bratianu, fifty-two per cent of the votes cast, and commanded two hundred and seventy delegates. This year the Liberals again counted the returns, but, since they had decided to drop Averescu, he received less than two per cent of the votes cast, and did not control any delegates.

Similar results can be looked forward to in Yugoslavia, where the Coalition of Radicals and Democrats will be able to keep in power without undue effort. The sufferers here will be the Macedonian element, which was stepped on last May when Bulgaria voted. This 'nation' was divided between Greece, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia, and in all three countries it is apt to come out at the small end of the horn. This is partly due to national jealousy, but the fact that the Macedonians are all peasants makes oppression much easier. Elections in Balkan cities run off as smoothly as a Pennsylvania primary — the real dirty work is confined to the provinces, where the voters are not organized and the authorities are.

Lord Rothermere's article calling for a revision of the Treaty of Trianon, which we referred to here a month ago, continues to be a topic of discussion. The London *Times* felt called upon to run a leading editorial on the woes of Central Europe, in which it plainly stated that Britain could not countenance a change in the status quo. Clearly Downing Street wants France and the Little Entente to understand that Britain will not let her friends down as easily as Lord Rothermere might lead them to suppose.

Mussolini seems to have lost his zest for foreign adventures under the sobering influence of the economic crisis at home. His recent review of foreign policy, in which Albania, the Vienna riots, and the Geneva Conference were the high spots, was in no sense challenging. In referring to the political and moral significance of the visits of the Yemenite Mission and of the King of Egypt to Italy he but called the country's attention to its numerous existing ties with what is virtually the nation's Caribbean.

Spain

The Fifth Congress of the Latin Press which convened at Madrid some weeks ago, after a postponement from last May, does not seem to have realized the expectations of its promoters. Representatives from six European and eleven American countries were present, and Primo de Rivera himself inaugurated the sessions in the Hall of the Spanish Senate. The lack of enthusiasm that characterized the sessions was attributed to the cool attitude of the Spanish press, which repudiates the propaganda conducted by the *Bureau de la Presse Latine* in Paris for a cultural union of Latin nations under the ægis of France. Spain herself aspires to hold first place among the Iberian nations. This enduring source of disagreement was reënforced by the unwillingness of most Madrid newspapers to aid a gathering patronized by a government that has suppressed the liberty of the press. Unpleasant incidents betrayed the sentiments of the delegates. When a Brazilian journalist attempted to address the sessions

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in French, his auditors called to him to speak Portuguese, although comparatively few of them understood that language. During a celebration of the Festival of Segovia the cadets of the Artillery College staged a demonstration against Primo de Rivera. This was less a protest in favor of political liberty, however, than an expression of factionalism within the army. A very different focus of trouble has developed at Barcelona, where the trade-unions have refused to abide by the findings of the official arbitration boards, and strong military measures have been taken to prevent a recurrence of the Communist disturbances of a few years ago.

Home Rule in Africa

Political institutions in British Africa, as distinguished from the self-governing Dominions, are in a state of flux, but under the guidance of the Colonial Office, which has appointed a Royal Commission to study their affairs, the colonies are drifting toward eventual federation. The beginnings of local self-government, in which the natives are to participate, are already being developed. Gradually, moreover, a white population is becoming domiciled in the East African highlands, which looks upon the country as its permanent home, and has local political ambitions. This complicates the problem of administration. The *Times* says editorially: 'White settlement and white aspirations advance much more rapidly than does native political capacity. Facile imitation of the practices of European democracies is plainly of no avail. The main course of native development now lies through invigorated tribal authority and educated chiefs. A hierarchy of councils seems the most likely eventual link for bringing the Africans into political relations with the other communities under the paramount authority of the Crown.'

Restless Island Paradises

New insurgent plots, mistagged Communist in European dispatches, keep coming to light in the Netherlands Indies. The latest, which seems to have been more ambitious than its predecessors, aimed at getting control of the native troops, who have been worked upon by the revolutionists, preliminary to general uprising. *Haagische Post* describes a successful counterpropaganda conducted by the Government, which is now employing the recognized Communist device of posters and public speeches by native orators to persuade the people that Dutch rule is best. The Samoa difficulties we reported in our last issue seem to have been less serious than represented. The agitators there are reported to be Europeans resembling the blind-piggers hovering around our Indian reservations, who resent the High Commissioner's drastic law-and-order policy. The three native chiefs reported exiled or imprisoned were simply ordered back to their villages from Apia, the capital, where they had been living not wisely but too well. A majority of the white residents of the mandate, backed by the 'missionaries,' have sent a statement to New Zealand approving the Government's policy.

Chiang Kai-shek's reported retirement to private life, if final, apparently marks the close of a struggle which was not so much between Communist Nationalists and Conservative Nationalists as between champions of civil authority and champions of military authority. If a budding tuchun has been caught by an early frost, China has probably benefited. How far Chiang may have been weakened by foreign hostility to the surtaxes he levied on existing duties in defiance of the treaties is at the moment uncertain. The Christian General, Feng Yu-hsiang,

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who is reported to have three hundred thousand troops at his command, and has been playing Hankow against Nanking, may have decided to favor the former's civilian leaders against Chiang. Russian tactics of undermining the loyalty of his troops probably did much to force his resignation. Not long ago the London *Saturday Review* remarked: 'The Chinese themselves are rapidly reaching the conclusion that Chiang Kai-shek robs them just as ruthlessly as any other leader, and they may, therefore, begin to desert him just as rapidly as they joined his ranks when victory seemed assured.' His retirement may temporarily check the military progress of the Nationalists, or it may strengthen them by giving them an abler leader, or it may inaugurate a new stage in the revolution in which political and social agitation will almost entirely replace an appeal to arms. An anonymous French observer, who is writing clever letters from Peking, notes that Japan is preparing herself by her practical experience in Manchuria to administer the rest of China. Despite Chang Tso-lin's drastic war levies, that province is to-day the most prosperous part of the old Manchu Empire. On the other hand, Japan's military expedition to Tsinan has revived the Chinese boycott against her goods. Chinese have been ordered to withdraw their deposits in Japanese banks, to refuse to transport Japanese goods, and to cease importing, selling, or buying Japanese merchandise. Violators of these rules are to be exposed in public in 'punishment cages.' Such contrivances have been hung up in conspicuous places, some of them near the foreign settlement in Shanghai, and carry the inscription in Chinese, 'Cages for foreign slaves.' Up to last reports, however, they had no occupants; but half a million dollars' worth of Japanese merchandise has been seized by the authorities at Canton and sold at auction for the good of the Nationalist cause.

Japan, where popular interest in the Geneva Naval Conference was never great, seems to have witnessed its failure without serious regret. The business crisis, China policy, and the coming elections hold public attention. Hard times and the political uncertainties presented by the enlarged electorate may help to account for the aversion shown by a large section of the press to military adventures on the mainland. The Government has held a conference of its principal experts and advisers on China at Tokyo, where moderate counsels seem to have prevailed. General Tanaka, the Premier, however, when he was leader of the Opposition vigorously criticized the preceding Cabinet's conciliatory policy of noninterference in China, and therefore he stands committed to more aggressive measures than his predecessors now that he is in power. The public does not back him in this particular part of his programme, however, and his actions therefore lag behind his professions.

Latin America

The presidential campaigns in Mexico and Argentina seem to be running according to Hoyle. General Obregón gets the front page in the former country, but both of his opponents, General Gómez and General Serrano, are given a respectful hearing. The ex-President seems to have gone in heavily for the Indian vote, and we suspect that with President Calles and the peon and labor electorate behind him he will walk into office without much difficulty. But all signs may fail in a country with the revolutionary caprices of our neighbor south of the border. Argentina is proceeding methodically to prepare for her polling by carefully revising the registration lists, which show that some seventeen hundred

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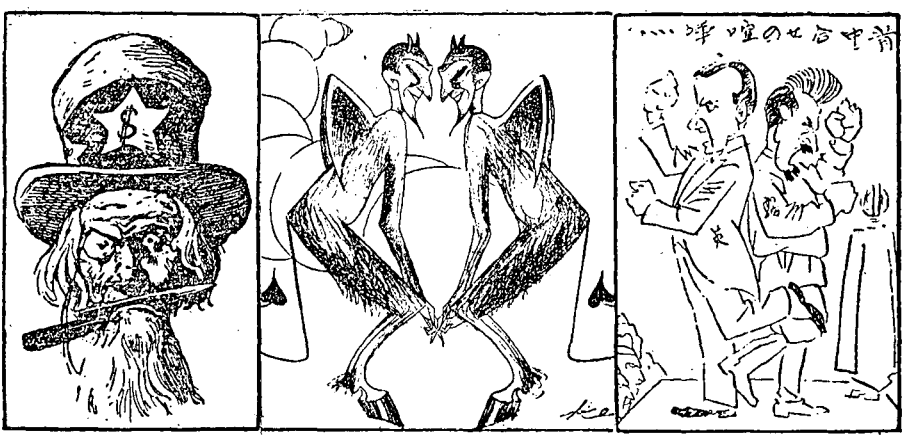
thousand qualified electors are upon the rolls. President Alvear is said to favor the return of Argentina to Geneva and to be seeking an accommodation of the Government's controversies with the Vatican which will make possible the appointment of a South American — that is, an Argentinian — cardinal. One of his projects, however, to give the country a new national hymn, has proved a boomerang, for the people reject the proposed revision, and are wrangling over the question in the press. Bolivia is passing through what the press calls 'the liquidation of a dictatorship,' and the Saavedra brothers have relinquished power only to discover that there is no middle ground between being boss and living in exile. Their followers were said to be behind a Communist-Republican plot which the police are reported to have discovered recently in La Paz. It appears that the Communist share in the enterprise was to attack the presidential mansion and to kill or capture the President. A Soviet régime was then to be installed. Both of the Saavedra brothers, ex-President Bautista and Vice-President Abdon, — who is now residing abroad for his health, — indignantly deny having any hand in this adventure. The recent picturesque revolt of the Indian mountaineers in the remoter provinces may have some connection with these manœuvres. Cuba has amended her Constitution in such a way as to defer the next general election from 1928 to 1930, thus prolonging the term of President Machado for two years. It is provided that the Chief Executive may not be eligible for two successive terms, although he may be elected for nonconsecutive terms. The number of senators has been increased, an Economic Council established, and the vote granted to women.



UNCLE SAM IN LATIN AMERICAN EYES
— *Critica*, Buenos Aires

BUSINESS IS BOOMING!
PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS!
— *El Universal*, Mexico City

AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN CONVERSATION
— *Miyako*, Tokyo

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LEADER PAGE CLIPPINGS

EDITORIAL OPINION ABROAD

AMERICA, ITALY, AND RUSSIA [1]

SOME of the effects of the rupture between England and the Soviet Government are certainly curious. Immediately after it occurred the papers were filled with lurid accounts of a dreadful new Red Terror in Russia and of the wild resentment of her people against the Bolsheviki. It looked as if England's action had at least aroused all the forces of rebellion against the Communist Government.

These dispatches may have had some element of truth, and the break between the two governments may have revived the hopes of the Russians who hate the existing régime. But a still more curious consequence is the remarkable reversal of attitude toward Russia that has ensued in two great capitalist and anti-Communist nations, the United States and Italy, whose political and economic systems are the very opposite of her own.

Standard Oil, an all-powerful American corporation, has concluded a contract with the Soviet Commercial Agent to market Russia's petroleum abroad. Just now that is the only commodity the Soviet Government is able to export in large quantities, and if she could be prevented from selling that she would soon be bankrupt. But the Americans have taken advantage of the elimination of their British competitors to strike a bargain with the Soviets. They put up the money; the Russians put up the oil. Thus Standard Oil, jealous defender of private property though it may be in Mexico, is buying petroleum in Russia from wells expropriated by the Soviets from the Royal Dutch Company.

Something similar has happened in case of Italy and Russia. Italy, to be sure, recognized the Moscow Government some time ago, but since then relations between the two countries have been anything but cordial. Only the other day, for example, Rome recognized Rumania's title to Bessarabia, whereupon the indignant Russians began to boycott Italian goods. One would suppose, moreover, in view of the agreement upon general policies which seems to exist between Italy and England, that Mussolini would keep step with Sir Austen Chamberlain in this matter. But Italy must find markets for her products and manufactures; she wants more territory; and she needs even more urgently outlets for her goods. Now Great Britain's break with Russia promises to produce a market vacuum in the latter country for Italian manufactures to fill. So the Fascist press now advocates closer commercial relations between the two countries, and Italian financiers propose to found an institution at Rome to subsidize exports to Russia. Simultaneously Moscow has tripled its deposits in Italian banks for buying Italian merchandise. We know definitely that the Russian Government promptly transferred to Rome the five million dollars gold more or less that it had in London

[1] Editorial from *El Sol* (Madrid Liberal daily), *July* 20

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banks, in order to pay for goods that it originally intended to buy in England but has now decided to buy in Italy.

So much for the 'common front against Bolshevism.'

WHY WE EXECUTED TWENTY[2]

[WHEN news came of the twenty executions in Moscow, George Lansbury, M. P., James Maxton, M. P., and Fenner Brockway sent a private cable to the Chairman of the People's Commissaries in Russia appealing for the executions to be stopped, pointing out the bad effect upon British opinion, and emphasizing that opposition to the anti-Russian policy of the British Government was made more difficult by reprisals. The following cable was received in reply.]

YOUR telegram is apparently due to the publication of the sentence inflicted by the United State Political Department on twenty White Guards for organizing espionage against the Soviet Union and terror against Soviet leaders. Although this sentence was inflicted on active White Guard counter-revolutionaries, whose guilt had been proved by documentary evidence, it is brazenly made use of abroad for rousing public opinion against the Soviet Union. In connection with this sentence innumerable lies and calumnies are being spread through the medium of the foreign press hostile to the Proletarian State. The direct object of this press campaign is the desire to divert attention from the danger of war which is threatening the Soviet Union, and from new adventures being prepared against the Union, with material and moral support from the British Conservative Cabinet. All this induces me to reply to your telegram at some length.

The verdict passed by the United State Political Department you call in your telegram 'executions without trial.' This is incorrect. According to the law of our State the Collegium of the Department, in those cases when it is necessary to combat counter-revolutionary activities, is vested with the powers of a revolutionary tribunal. Thus the Collegium is an extraordinary court, which formally is analogous to such extraordinary courts and courts-martial as exist in all bourgeois states, the difference in principle consisting in that the Soviet court inflicts punishment on counter-revolutionaries, while in the bourgeois countries punishment is being inflicted on the revolutionary workers.

I should like to remind you that the Extraordinary Commission which existed during the period of intervention and civil war was immediately abolished as soon as the Soviet State succeeded in driving out the interventionist forces, organized and financed by Churchill, and in overcoming the internal counter-revolution.

By this act the Soviet State showed that it considered it possible, under the new conditions, to use ordinary methods of defending the Soviet Power against counter-revolution, only reverting to extraordinary measures in extraordinary contingencies, when compelled thereto by attempts on the part of White Guard plotters.

In your telegram you state that part of British public opinion is 'shocked' by the recent sentences inflicted by the United State Political Department. I think this is due to underrating those specific conditions in which the working class of our Union has to defend the right of the toilers' state to existence, and the right to build up the Socialistic

[2] By A. I. Rykov, Chairman of the Russian Council of the People's Commissaries, in the *New Leader* (London Labor Party weekly), *July* 1

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Society. The working class of our Union has to carry on its constructive work in a surrounding of capitalistic states. At the present moment the Conservative Government of Great Britain, having broken off diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, is carrying on against the latter a fierce inimical campaign throughout the world, and is preparing another war adventure. Every bourgeois state may use for the struggle against the first proletarian state all the resources of its state machinery, its financial power, and its press. And now the question of using in the struggle against the United States of Soviet Russia armed forces as well is being put forward.

In view of this fierce struggle, energetic measures by the workers' Government against active plotters — counter-revolutionaries, adherents of monarchy and of bourgeois régime residing in the United States of Soviet Russia — are compulsory and indispensable.

When our enemies are using against us all kinds of means — even bribery, plotting, murders, provocation, arson, and preparation of military attacks — it would be criminal not to take resolute measures to protect the interests of our workers and peasants. The workers of the United States of Soviet Russia would consider our failure to do so treachery to the Revolution and connivance with counter-revolution.

Bourgeois public opinion is 'shocked' by the execution of nobles, landowners, monarchists, who had been caught red-handed in counter-revolutionary activities, and yet it shows much indulgence to, and openly applauds, the shooting of workers and peasants. It supports every repressive measure against oppressed classes and nationalities. This can well be understood from the point of view of the interests of the bourgeoisie, the nobles, and the capitalists. But such a position cannot be shared by the working class.

You ask that the reprisals should cease. The Soviet Union attaches the greatest value to the opinion of the British working class, but it seems to me that it is in the interest of the working class of the world first of all to preserve the toilers' State, — the first in the history of mankind, — which was born in battle and which is carrying on its world-important work of organizing the Socialistic Society in exceptionally difficult conditions.

The campaign actually being waged against the United States of Soviet Russia in connection with the verdict of the United State Political Department is not inspired by any special consideration for the persons found guilty; it is an integral part of the general campaign against the Soviet Republic. By means of this campaign, interested circles and, in the first instance, the British Tories — 'Diehards' — wish to divert public opinion from the flagrant crime they are committing in preparing a new war, launching a fierce attack against the working class, suppressing with the utmost cruelty the liberating movement of oppressed peoples and classes throughout the world, and financing monarchist and White Guard organizations.

A PROBLEM OF SOLIDARITY [3]

A CHILE newspaper, in discussing the possible return of Argentina to the League of Nations, raises a point that has hitherto attracted less attention than it deserves in Latin America. We refer to the failure of our governments to adopt some common policy in our relations with Geneva. Hitherto each government has acted entirely independently of its fellows. The

[3] From *La Prensa* (Buenos Aires daily), *June* 21

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Spanish American republics have never taken counsel together on this question. In joining the League, in withdrawing from it, in refusing to join it, each has followed a policy exclusively its own.

Such a course of conduct indicates strange lack of foresight and comprehensive vision. Every Latin American country is vitally interested in world affairs, but its attitude toward them is primarily conditioned by its relations with its immediate neighbors. It is chiefly concerned in matters having to do with its intercourse with other American nations, and in questions of government and administration more or less identical throughout the continent, to which the foreign offices of Europe are indifferent. Consequently all projects for international coöperation, no matter how exalted and universal the ideals that inspire them, should be studied by us from a strictly American point of view before they are put in execution.

Up to the present this obvious truth has been entirely disregarded in the relations of Latin America and the League. Brazil, for example, which was one of the original signers of the Covenant, announced early last year that she had decided to withdraw from that body. More than half the period that must elapse before her resignation becomes completely effective has already passed. Some efforts are being made to secure a reconsideration of her resolution, but they are motivated entirely by domestic and narrowly national interests. Peru and Bolivia, who also joined the League, practically withdrew from it when it refused to consider the Tacna-Arica question. They no longer send delegates to its meetings, and refrain from taking any part in its proceedings. Their action likewise is inspired exclusively by local and national considerations.

Mexico, Ecuador, and Venezuela are strangers at Geneva, and, although Mexico has shown some inclination to join the League, her decision will be governed entirely by local expediency. From time to time the press and politicians in Argentina revive the question of returning to the League. But these discussions are usually prompted by some pronouncement by a prominent European or a League official deploring that country's absence as an obstacle to the spread of cosmopolitan doctrines in the New World.

This raises the question whether it would not be better for the governments of Latin America to abandon their present practice of arbitrary and isolated action in such matters and work out some policy of coöperation in respect to the League. It is quite clear that the influence of any single Latin American state in the deliberations of that body must be negligible. Only under very exceptional conditions will its vote be decisive in any important matter. It would be quite different if the Latin American countries acted as a unit. Naturally none of them could be asked to sacrifice its vital interests to those of its neighbors. On the other hand, none of our governments ought to adopt a line of conduct conflicting with that of its neighbors without previously discussing the matter frankly with them and endeavoring to reach some agreement that will prevent the irritation that our discordant policies now produce.

Each republic's freedom of action cannot be sacrificed. But rules may be formulated for the exercise of this freedom that will prevent impulsive and unconsidered decisions, and that will make the motives that govern those decisions thoroughly understood by neighboring countries.

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KEVIN O'HIGGINS, PATRIOT[4]

WITH the assassination of Kevin O'Higgins Ireland loses one of the most powerful characters born to its service in our time. During the last six or seven years his personality had been impressing itself more and more upon the Irish people, and the words used by the President about his dead colleague, 'steadfast and heroic,' were fitting for the man who seemed the rigid will behind the new order. He was a most public-minded man — one of those who think of their country with all the intensity and devotion others less largely moulded give to private interests. Even at the last the overmastering thought of his life, the service of his country, was with him. He was running over the past in his mind: 'We have done good work.' His name will be remembered as one of the great architects of the new State along with Griffith and Collins. While others were concerned with economic reconstruction, his imagination seems primarily to have been concerned with the moral architecture of the Free State, the establishment of justice and peace; and one of the greatest acts of his life was the creation of the Civic Guard and the launching of an unarmed police in a country disturbed by civil conflict. He did this with a faith which was justified, for even those opposed to him on constitutional issues did not involve this unarmed force in their conflict with the Free State. The Free State dwindles in the imagination somewhat by the loss of this man, of this will which was tempered and hardened to stand the strain so inevitable when a state is born having enemies within and without. We do not think his work will pass with his life. What he built we believe was well built.

[4] Editorial in *Irish Statesman* (Liberal Free State weekly), *July* 16

Almost everybody had hoped that the passions which led to political assassination had died down in Ireland. Yet there seems to be but little doubt that this crime so organized was not an act of private vengeance, but was an expression of political hatred by some ignorant and passionate men who hated the decision their countrymen had taken at election after election, and who decided to murder the man whose powerful will seemed to them the main factor in their suppression. It is difficult to interpret the assassination in any other way. It is doubtful whether such men are amenable to reason, whether even the moral indignation universal after the act, and the shrinking which they must feel from any cause or party on whose behalf the act was done, would have any effect on them. There are some people who by nature are terrorists and believe that they can by terror deflect the will of a nation. We know they are wrong, that there is no nation but will pursue its course undeterred by such deeds, and that there will always be a succession of brave men who will take up the work left undone, who will complete it, and risk all the danger coming to them from the madmen, and count the risk to their lives as nothing to be weighed when a nation has to be built up. Kevin O'Higgins was such a man himself, and we do not doubt that Ireland will find men as brave to pursue the perilous labor of service to Ireland. But it will be hard indeed to find an intellect equal to that whose flame has been so cruelly extinguished.

LAUSANNE'S GATHERING OF CHURCHES[5]

IN the first weeks of August representatives of nearly eighty Christian

[5] By Bishop Gore in the *Times* (London Independent Conservative daily), *July* 21

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Churches will have assembled at Lausanne to discuss the bases of Faith and Order on which a reunion of the forces of Christendom can be held to be possible.

The greatest of all the Christian communions — the Roman Catholic — is not represented. But Orthodox prelates and theologians are there, and Old Catholics and all the branches of the Anglican Communion are represented side by side with almost all the Protestant Churches of the world. Such a conference would certainly not have been possible fifty years ago. It has been rendered possible by a widely spread change of spirit. Satisfaction with our divisions, or acquiescence in them as inevitable, has yielded to a more or less bitter sense of humiliation in face of them. We realize how the Christian witness to the world is weakened by them; how the evangelization of the world is hindered; how much time and power are wasted in controversy and friction; above all, how contrary the divided condition of Christendom is to the mind of its divine Founder and of His Spirit which inhabits the Church.

It is the bishops of the Anglican Communion who must have the credit of having attempted to formulate possible terms of reunion — first, when the Lambeth Conference of 1888 propounded what is called the 'Lambeth Quadrilateral,' that is, the fourfold basis: (1) the acceptance of Holy Scripture as providing the final standard of faith; (2) the two creeds, the Apostles' and Nicene, as the statements of the faith; (3) the sacraments of Baptism and Holy Communion as the necessary ordinances; (4) the historical episcopate as the basis of the ministry. But this was only an abstract proposal for consideration. It was Bishop Brent who, at the Episcopal Convention at Cincinnati in 1910, carried a further proposal to issue an invitation to all the Churches of the world to send representatives to a world conference on Faith and Order to discuss the possibility and the conditions of reunion, and it is perhaps to his enthusiasm, and to the mixture of enthusiasm with untiring energy and charity in the late Robert H. Gardiner, of Boston, — who was truly a martyr to the cause, — that such a conference is now to be held, though without the Roman Catholics, whom Gardiner tried so hard to win for participation.

The Lambeth proposals led in England itself to careful and prolonged conferences of Anglicans with Free Churchmen, which produced very valuable statements of agreement; and, if no practical result followed, it was probably in the main because the participants in the conferences were far ahead of the Churches they represented in their readiness to think afresh. They were followed also by the conferences at Malines between Anglicans and Roman Catholics, of which unfortunately the report has not yet been published. If there again no speedy practical result is to be expected, at least a good deal was effected in the way of mutual understanding. Briefer and less formal conferences have been held on several occasions of Anglican with Orthodox theologians, and it would seem to some of us as if the technical or positive obstacles in the path of reunion were less serious in that direction than in either of the others. Meanwhile, quite apart from the effort of the Lambeth Conference, actual reunion has been obtained between the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and a united Methodist Church seems to be in immediate prospect in England, and similar results have been obtained in other parts of the world. But a world conference such as is now being held at Lausanne is a much more ambitious project, about which it

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is possible to be more or to be less hopeful on reasonable grounds. The world conference at Stockholm last year on 'Life and Work' reached valuable results and exhibited a considerable degree of unanimity among representatives of Christian communions on moral and social topics. There are some who would argue from this to a similar success at Lausanne. But others only draw the conclusion that the method of Stockholm is the best method to follow, and that only by vigorous coöperation in the cause of the moral and social redemption of mankind will the long-divided Christian Churches grow so sympathetic with one another that a way will be found over the dogmatic difficulties, and that the method of Lausanne — to attack them directly on a world-wide scale — is premature. It remains to be seen. It is at least worth while to attempt to explore the ground.

The Churches which have agreed to participate in the Conference are in no way bound by any conclusions reached or opinions expressed by their representatives there, and no statement by the Conference is to be allowed which is not passed at least *nemine contradicente*. Nothing can be done in the direction of reunion except on the basis of a conviction that those from whom we are at present divided represent some spiritual ideal — some elements of the one truth — which the community to which we ourselves belong needs for its completeness. Thus those who call themselves Catholic must recognize that Protestantism has stood for something real and necessary which Catholicism in its actual manifestation in West or East has lacked, and Protestants must feel reciprocally toward Catholicism.

But it must not be forgotten that the deeper differences at the Conference are not only those represented by long-standing denominational divisions. The Protestant Churches have widely abandoned their old confessions. 'Fundamentalism' may make its voice heard affirming the doctrine of the Infallible Book, in which it joins hands with the official doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. Nevertheless, the 'critical' treatment of Scripture will be the general assumption. How, from this point of view, will Saint Paul fare? Saint Paul, as Luther interpreted him, has widely been regarded in the past as the stronghold of Protestantism. Now many of the leaders of thought in Germany and other lands have declared this to be a fundamental mistake. Saint Paul is the founder of the catholic and sacramental conception of the Church; and we have to go back behind Saint Paul to Christ — a Christ who founded no institutional church, and instituted no sacraments, and proclaimed no metaphysical dogmas — in order to get at the essence of the Gospel. This view of the relation of Saint Paul to his Master the present writer believes to be quite unhistorical. But the tendency to 'throw over' Saint Paul, and to a very considerable extent the Gospel record also, is very widespread in Protestant circles, and, of course, it totally disintegrates the traditional Protestant position. It is not only the old confessional divisions — it is not perhaps chiefly those — which are necessarily in evidence at Lausanne.

It is obvious that the difficulties which confront the Conference are enormous. Shall we succeed in securing such a concentration of attention and discussion upon particular points in succession as to give our proceedings practical value? And, granted this, shall we have a readiness to learn from those from whom we have been divided sufficient to make us eager to gain a sympathetic appreciation of the religious or spiritual values for which they stand?

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THE BIG PARADE[6]

We had hoped that the wave of self-depreciation which some time ago reached its high-water mark as a silly-season topic in the press and expressed itself in talk about England being 'done' had gone the way of all rubbish. Apparently we were wrong. That talk and the ceaseless propaganda of other nations less given than ourselves to modesty have evidently had their effect, and there is frequently noticeable in the utterances of members of the public an implication that nowadays England and the English are good for nothing. Last week, when Miss Betty Nuthall won a creditable victory over Mrs. Mallory, the American, at Wimbledon, a writer in one of the daily papers delivered himself of the following ecstatic pæan: 'Miss Betty Nuthall's victory over Mrs. Mallory is, to my mind, one of those occasions on which we should fling up our hats and yell our loudest. She is young. *She is English.*' The hysterical tone of this pronouncement, the invitation to yell, the italics, and the rest are indicative of more than a lack of control; they are indicative of a lack of confidence. We may no longer take an English victory in the traditional English way: if an Englishwoman chances to win a sporting contest today it is suggested that the event is so extraordinary and startling that it merits our behaving like lunatics.

Or take another instance. When a woman aviator was asked the other day by a press representative her opinion of the project of the Englishman, Captain Courtney, to fly to New York and back this month, she replied: 'Is n't it a splendid thing to think that we still have people in England ready to embark on such a hazardous adventure?' That is not a splendid thing to think; it is a disgraceful and shameful thing to think. Why should anyone suppose that we have not such men in England in their thousands? 'Still'? What has happened to make anyone imagine there are any fewer than before?

What are the reasons for this strange atmosphere of unsureness, this ridiculous supposition that the English are decadent and done for? We have had examples in the manner in which New York greeted Colonel Lindbergh, and in other recent manifestations of the kind, of the new method of marking a national success. We in England (possibly out of arrogance, but no matter) have always been accustomed to take our successes soberly — perhaps to take them for granted. When, therefore, a superficial public sees the successes of other nations, particularly of America, being celebrated with every suggestion of dementia, and when it has them ceaselessly drummed into its ear by every device of publicity and propaganda, it unconsciously comes to regard them as being greater and more numerous than they are. Our ineradicable modesty keeps us silent about our own achievements, and the din of self-adulation indulged in by those with a greater gift for showmanship is beginning to have its effect on our self-esteem. As a nation we go in some danger of suffering from what the psychologists call an 'inferiority complex.' From that point of view the writer who adjured us to fling up our hats and yell because an Englishwoman had played a good game of tennis was right: if the American method of registering a success is to prevail, the sooner we adopt it in England the sooner we shall throw off the sense of inferiority. As for the fact that Englishmen do not win everywhere at sport nowadays, that is not

[6] From the *Saturday Review* (London Tory weekly), *July* 2

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in the least remarkable. England taught the world to play games, and now that the world has learned it is mighty proud of its prowess. The Englishman used to walk off with all the prizes because he was in the position of an instructor competing with his pupils. Now that the process of instruction has been completed and proficiency is shared by all, is it probable — or even desirable — that he should still maintain a superiority?

Slowly and surely the propaganda is having its effect. We are coming to believe the American legend in spite of ourselves. We are getting an American mania. In an article elsewhere in this issue a contributor examines the fallacy that in the emulation of American methods can be found the solution of our industrial problems. We have apparently even begun to think that. Recently Lord Haig, in a speech which was not tactful but was certainly true, reminded the country of what it seems to have forgotten, and that is the stupendous part it played in winning the war. Our own trumpets are mute, and the world, which is deceived by the sound and fury of the Big Parade, is gradually coming to believe that the war was won on the other side of the Atlantic. That is good neither for our self-respect nor for the respect in which the world holds us.

The extraordinary thing about this process of deliberate national propaganda is the complacency with which the English allow it without protest or counterdemonstration. The virtue of modesty can be carried to the point where it becomes a vice. To keep a contemptuous silence may be a sign of strength, so long as the silence is really contemptuous. But if, as seems probable, the silence is becoming one of unwarranted humility, then it is a positive danger to our national morale.

WITH SPRINGING CORN

BY J. B. MORTON

[From the *Saturday Review*]

'With springing corn my furrows will fill,'
I hear you singing over the hill;
And soon, before the fall of leaves,
I 'll meet you carrying your sheaves.
Beside my field I wait alone,
Deep the furrow, and nothing sown.

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MOB RULE IN VIENNA[1]

THE CITY OF DREADFUL FIGHTS

BY A NORTH GERMAN RESIDENT

At half-past eleven last Friday, just as I was entering a shop on Praterstrasse, I saw a procession of city warehouse laborers returning to the Prater. It was marching in good order. This could not be said, however, of another procession headed in the opposite direction, which looked like a madhouse let loose. It was followed by drays full of workingmen. Five or six policemen accompanied it on the sidewalk, and as the column swung toward the centre of the city I felt that the prevailing excitement augured ill.

At a quarter of one, while in a bank across the Ring from the University, I learned that there had been some shooting in front of Parliament House. I walked over in that direction, and the following scene greeted me.

A whistling, shouting mob filled the whole breadth of the Ringstrasse in front of Parliament House. In the foreground a dozen or so Social Democratic parade marshals, distinguishable by their leather shoulder-belts from which hung their long billies, were trying to keep order. On the driveway leading up to Parliament House stood fifteen or twenty inactive policemen. Behind them were several mounted officers. As I was watching the scene a new burst of shouting and howling broke forth. '*Ein Hakenkreuzler!* (Swastika Junker!) He's a murderer! He's armed! Beat him up! Hang him!' Everyone joined in the tumult. From the midst of a densely packed crowd a slender young man was suddenly shoved forth, fists raining on his face from all sides. Streaming with blood, he finally reached the driveway, and tore off his clothing to show that he was unarmed. But they still attacked him. Two or three of the marshals tried to protect him with their own bodies, and took the blows that were intended for him. But the raging crowd insisted on having its victim. One surly-looking would-be hero wearing a marshal's insignia actually followed the group up to the main entrance of Parliament House, and in spite of the protests of his own comrades landed several smashing fist-blows on the young man's bleeding face. A woman who kept clinging to the young Hakenkreuzler was roughly thrust aside. The police watched the incident without interfering. This seemed so incomprehensible that I turned to a man standing near me and asked why.

'That pack of dogs is done for,' several bystanders volunteered to explain. 'They have shot at the people, and have been disarmed. Now only the Social Democratic Republican Guards are on duty.'

Keeping close to the railing around the Public Garden, I made my way to the City School Board building, across the street from the Palace of Justice. Here the real character of the

[1] From *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist-Liberal daily), *July* 19

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demonstration revealed itself. An unrestrained, ungovernable mob was in complete control. Not only the regular police, but also the Social Democratic Republican Guards, were helpless. The Palace of Justice was in flames. Close to the nearest corner of the building and facing the centre of disturbance stood a helpless group of parade marshals belonging to the Railway Servants' Union, their faces expressing deep disgust at these mad excesses. Others were trying to set up long ladders against the burning structure, but were forced back by the mob.

Just then a crowd of half-clothed people swarmed out of the main entrance of the Palace of Justice. At their head was a powerful fellow, dragging along with him two marshals who were evidently trying to restrain him. 'A warden! A warden!' yelled the crowd.

Marshals surrounded the threatened man and tried to protect him, but the next moment he was covered with blood. Cudgels and fists beat down upon him all the harder because his conscientious defenders would not desert him.

Two or three other employees were dragged out and suffered the same fate. With battered faces and limp limbs they were finally carried across the street to the City School Board offices.

'Why don't they call out the fire department?' I asked a young workman in a blue striped shirt, who was leaning indifferently against a neighboring house wall.

'It could n't get through. Besides, that would be treason to our comrades,' he explained portentously. 'They have n't let even the Burgomaster through.'

Still another man was dragged out of the Palace of Justice. Crowds stood around, with cigarettes dangling in their mouths, without lifting a hand to help him, while he was beaten to the ground with clubs. No one ventured to aid the victims, for even the insignia of the Social Democratic Guards hardly protected them from lynching.

'Burn up the scoundrels inside,' shouted a sweaty youth, his mouth foaming with fury. I had had enough. No one could be of any help. Everyone had gone crazy. The parade marshals and Republican Guards themselves were helpless spectators. So after exchanging a few words with the young workman who took murder and arson so coolly, but could not tolerate treason to his comrades, I crossed Bellaria Street, climbed over the low railing that protects the parking there, and ascended the broad flight of steps leading to the Natural History Museum. As I sat at the top thinking over what I had seen, I noticed another workman in a blue striped shirt close beside me. He asked me for a light, and we smoked a cigarette together, — he a trade-unionist and I a bourgeois, — while opposite us the Palace of Justice burned.

The scene before us grew wilder than ever. Beds and furniture were hurled out of the windows on the left of the building's main entrance. The Republican Guards were vainly trying to save at least some of the public property that their crazed comrades were intent upon destroying. Turning to the man at my side, I asked: 'Were you in the parade to Parliament House? If so, you should be helping your comrades there. Your standing aside here is treason.'

'I don't see none of my buddies there,' he answered contemptuously. 'I'm no fire bug.'

Just then a man was carried down one of the streets past the Museum. He was a little fellow, and hung limp in the arms of the marshals who bore

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him — an employee at the law courts, perhaps a clerk. A pack of maddened men ran after him, striking at him aimlessly.

A dense mob now surged out of the Ring into Bellaria Street. A terrible cry, swelling like a hurricane, rose from thousands of throats. It resembled the howling of wild beasts. Just then fifty policemen advanced at double-quick to oppose them. The mob stopped. An officer raised his sword and the sharp crack of gunfire rent the air. But the weapons were pointed high above the crowd.

A moment of graveyard silence followed the volley, but immediately the fury of the mob broke forth again. Its members realized that this was merely meant to scare them. Then the officer raised his sword a second time, and the guns rattled like a ship's chain cable running out. 'See that,' my neighbor cried as he rolled off his seat, grasping his belly with both hands.

'Were you struck?' I asked anxiously.

'No. I got a cramp from the shock. See, they 're carrying off the dead.' I looked across the street, and could see wounded and unconscious victims being carried into near-by houses. Meanwhile the police pressed forward, halted, and fired a second crashing volley; but by this time the streets were deserted.

The mob that had raged so wildly in front of the Palace of Justice, consumed with the desire to plunder, had scattered like frightened rabbits. Its courage had changed to headlong terror, its thirst for vengeance to abject cowardice. Its members had ducked down neighboring side streets, yelling with terror as they fled. The revolt against law and order had been crushed.

By five o'clock in the afternoon Parliament House, the burning Palace of Justice, and the Rathaus were cordoned by armed police, but the public had not yet been entirely excluded from the Ring. I walked along it as far as the Rathaus. Here, between the old Imperial Palace and Rathaus Park, I met a howling mob. An officer immediately blocked the street. He had about fifteen armed men with him. I could hear the police quietly and courteously tell the crowd to move on. I then saw three drunken workingmen, one of them crazy with liquor, try to rush the police. The latter did their best to calm the fellows. The crowd, which was composed mostly of immature youths, took this opportunity to break through the cordon and rush toward Parliament House.

At this point the officer ordered the men to open fire. The shots were aimed in the air, merely to frighten the crowd, and no one was hit. The mob broke and fled back as far as the University, where it stopped and began howling again. Under similar circumstances the Berlin police would undoubtedly have laid about them vigorously with their clubs.

During the late afternoon the crowd repeatedly tried to break through by way of the Alserstrasse, Neustiftgasse, and Lerchenfelderstrasse. I saw three Viennese municipal omnibuses, flying hospital flags, headed for the Palace of Justice. A swarming mob surged after them. Again the police fired into the air, and in that way cleared the streets.

'The dirty cops are shooting at the ambulances,' yelled the crowd. Empty ambulances went past unmolested. This false rumor spread through the mob, and everyone believed it.

Going further, I came upon noisy throngs in all the streets running into Lastenstrasse. Here the excited police really had shot to kill, and hundreds of people were wounded.

I slipped down several narrow pas-

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sages to the offices of *Wiener Neuste Nachrichten*, and then to the offices of the *Reichspost*. I found the editorial rooms of the former paper broken into and partly plundered, and the offices of the *Reichspost* burned as far up as the fourth story. This was the work of leaderless demonstrators. From Lerchenfelderstrasse I could see flames leaping from the dome of the Palace of Justice, and the tower of its right wing stood out against the sky like a skeleton.

At half-past seven I walked down Neubaugasse into Mariahilferstrasse, and reached Hotel Kummer just as shooting began in Babenburgerstrasse. The echo could be heard in Neubaugasse, and in a moment all the passers-by had taken shelter in the houses. At ten o'clock there was shooting near the Westbahnhof. In spite of the telephone strike, the police kept well informed of the situation. Generally the automobiles of the flying police detachments reached centres of threatened trouble in time to prevent the worst element from getting control.

Numerous automobiles and motor cycles, sometimes carrying two riders, filled the streets, and thousands of curious people crowded the sidewalks.

'Keep moving, please. Don't stand still, please,' the police commanded with courteous insistence. 'Keep moving, please.' But the Viennese are accustomed to good nature. It almost seemed as if they misinterpreted as weakness the magnanimity of their brave defenders of public order. The Social Democrats' own Republican Guards, whose good services on that terrible Friday must be recognized, failed to save the day.

The officer who hastened to the aid of his comrades in the burning Palace of Justice and gave the command to fire will reap only a harvest of ingratitude. Yet he rescued Vienna from ruin, plunder, and even worse.

RAYMOND POINCARÉ[1]

A PORTRAIT WITH NEEDLE AND ACID

BY ANDRÉ GERMAIN

THE author is a well-known French man of letters, and a member of a distinguished banking family.]

IN 1893 Raymond Poincaré was thirty years old. I was but a child when I first saw him in the salon of my parents, where many of the most distinguished members of the Academy and a few former Liberal deputies were wont to gather. My father, who was an intimate friend of Thiers and Gambetta, and my mother, who was the daughter of a minister of Napoleon III, interested themselves in politics partly because it was a family tradition and partly for intellectual distraction. They would have gladly received some of the more interesting members of the Chamber and the Cabinet, but the gulf that had suddenly opened in France be-

[1] From *Berliner Tageblatt* (Liberal daily), *July* 8

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tween what was called good society and the political world prevented them. I remember hearing my father say: 'I'd like to have Clemenceau in for breakfast — he is so entertaining. But of course I can't invite him to my house. We might manage it at a restaurant.'

Only two deputies, who were thought for some reason to be men of exceptional promise, escaped this ostracism — Casimir-Perier and Raymond Poincaré. The former, who was at that time forty years old, and a member of the famous 'Republican Dynasty,' was elected President the following year, after Carnot's death, and a little later left that high office and political life. The other, Raymond Poincaré, was destined to a long career.

It was a mystery to our childish eyes why he should be prominent and popular. He wore a short challenging beard, and had a displeasing uncurried look. The little girls in our family ran away whenever he appeared. Only a short time afterward, however, he received his first cabinet appointment — an unusual stroke of political success. Five years later he was again given a portfolio, as Minister of Education. That was during the Dreyfus Affair and the bitter fight over the anti-Church laws. These issues divided families, soured the sweetest dispositions, and split society into two hostile camps. Raymond Poincaré, who was forced to make an exceedingly embarrassing choice, refused to commit himself permanently to the party a Lorraine man would be expected to join. Dreyfus supporters were regarded at that time as enemies of the Army and upsetters of tradition. Yet he took, though somewhat hesitatingly and tardily, the side of the condemned captain. He did that because he was really easily influenced, a weakling who exhibited courage only when his ambition, his entourage, and some stronger mind compelled him to take a definite stand before the public.

I was then a pupil at the Lycée, and I recall an expression of Poincaré's which used to rouse the Nationalists to ungovernable fury, but which really did him honor. As Minister of Education he addressed a circular letter to the teachers of France in which he said: 'It is your duty to bring up the new generation in the love of peace.' The very people who fifteen or twenty years later lauded Poincaré to the skies — I mean the militarists and chauvinists — fairly shrieked with wrath. 'The man knows neither shame nor honor! He repudiates the *revanche!* He wants to destroy France!'

Poincaré let them rave. Professions of justice and humanity, provoked by the way Dreyfus had been treated, appealed more strongly to his oratorical instinct than overworked patriotic slogans, inspired by Alsace-Lorraine, which were at that time rather going out of fashion. The French, who are incorrigible idealists, were more easily moved by an unjust sentence upon a Jewish captain, or by the sufferings of a martyr nation like the Boers, than by their lost provinces. A leader of public opinion must share these generous and noble sentiments if he wished to keep in the political swim.

Fifteen years after the Dreyfus episode, in 1913, popular sentiment in France had completely reversed itself. Public opinion, as fickle as it is idealist, and Poincaré's political convictions, which someway always reconciled themselves to his personal interests, had veered in a new direction.

Several new and dangerous forces were at work. England's influence, supported by political intrigues in certain government circles, had become all-powerful. Delcassé, a vain,

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unscrupulous, untiring servant of his own ambitions, who had been Foreign Minister several times, was pushing his plans for making France a great colonial empire by the conquest of Morocco, and for restoring her European prestige by the humiliation of Germany. Last of all, Kaiser Wilhelm's noisy and aggressive speeches, his landing at Tangier in 1905, and his dispatch of the Panther to Agadir in 1911, had angered the French intensely — indeed, far more than anyone in Germany realized.

How could Poincaré be expected to resist this current?

His ambition had been multiplied by two. It was no longer his own alone, but also that of his wife, whom my mother used to call 'the international widow.' Her father was an Italian, her mother a German — Poincaré's friends refer to her as from Luxemburg. Her first husband had been an American; her second husband had been M. Bazir, a Frenchman. Four nations were therefore united in her make-up, and she felt she must be intensely French in order to wipe out the stigma of her multifarious antecedents.

Poincaré, then Premier, wanted to be President of the Republic. Familiar as he was with the temper of Parliament, he knew only too well the obstacles he must overcome. Principle and tradition combined to make the deputies and senators averse to electing a 'high and mighty person,' such as Poincaré was considered to be, to that office. They prefer mediocre and easy-going presidents, gentlemen who, either because they are cynics like Grévy or are merely shrewd fellows of moderate capacity like Loubet and Fallières, never push themselves forward, and exercise with discretion the very considerable authority which the Constitution gives them. They really wanted M. Pams, who was a candidate.

Consequently Poincaré had to force himself upon the eight hundred unwilling parliamentary electors by bringing pressure upon them from without, through public opinion. So he seized the leadership of the Nationalist agitation, which had been encouraged by France's foreign complications and by the blunders of the German Government, and was expressing itself in a wave of violent chauvinist propaganda. Above all, he hit upon the lucky device of dazzling and electrifying the Parisians with military torchlight processions. Excited by these theatrical appeals, which were reënforced by the brilliant eloquence of Maurras and Barrès, the chauvinists were aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm. France's national honor and military prestige were played off against the more conciliatory policies and deeper knowledge of the only great statesman who dared to advocate the cause of Europe's peace and stability — Caillaux. Thus the latter was denounced as a bribed betrayer, while his opponent was the darling of the mob. So the deputies feared that they would expose themselves to a suspicion of disloyalty if they acted in accordance with their private desires and their better judgments. They surrendered, and elected Poincaré.

A more ominous influence than that of the chauvinist agitators, however, stood behind the new President. It was that of the Russian Ambassador, Isvolskii. When Poincaré was Premier the previous year he had allowed himself to be persuaded by Isvolskii to favor Russia's imperialist ambitions, and during the great Balkan crisis of October 1912 his policy had been most unfortunate, and had nearly involved Europe in war. He did not see that his proposal of territorial disinterestedness would divide Europe into two camps — Austria and Germany on the one side,

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and England, Russia, and France on the other. At heart he was a more prudent and a clearer-headed man than his dangerous friend Isvolskii, and he really had no desire to engage his country in parlous adventures or to upset Europe. He merely wanted to make himself conspicuous, to win prestige, to flatter the vanity of his people — what we call *panache*. But since he was not quite clear how to accomplish this, he let himself be influenced by intriguing scoundrels like Isvolskii, and sacrificed to the latter's importunities the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Georges Louis, whose wise warnings and clear vision kept the dangers of the Balkan situation constantly before the eyes of his Government.

As President of the Republic, Poincaré had ceased to play a leading rôle in its policies during the last year and a half before the war. He tried, to be sure, to take the official initiative once or twice. I need only recall the symbolical sword that he laid upon the grave of Alexander III during his famous visit to Russia in July 1914. While the war was in progress his rôle was as futile as it was disagreeable. Events had outstripped him. He found himself caught up by a great hurricane, where the heads of nations were powerless. He had to leave all initiative to ministers, deputies, and generals. He tried to keep in the public eye, and now and then made a parade journey to the front, disarranging army routine, and costing the lives of a few dozen or a few hundred soldiers. For it was considered obligatory to start something in honor of the President — to give him something to look at. From the humane point of view this seems horrible. The Parisians, who had recovered their spirits after their first depression, contented themselves with laughing. One witty woman said in 1917: 'Poincaré's busy again. He reminds me of a barking dog that no one looks at.'

In 1921, when Poincaré's seven-year term as President was over, the country supposed it was well rid of him. His own party associates dropped him; one section of the public was actively hostile to him. I recall hearing repeatedly in Parisian salons and cafés such remarks as, 'Sooner or later Poincaré will be brought before a public court of inquiry.'

Then came Briand's failure at Cannes, dissensions among the parties of the Left, and general unrest throughout the country, which Communist propaganda and the general disillusionment after the war encouraged. In short, a situation was created that unexpectedly gave a sort of nimbus to a man whose name by some strange popular parodox had come to be regarded as incarnating firmness and resolution. When Poincaré returned to power in 1922 he profited by the same condition of the public mind that a year later was to put a far abler and more remarkable personality — Mussolini — at the head of the Italian State.

I need only name the modern dictator at Rome in order to place Poincaré in the right light. The *Duce* is a man of ideas and plans, with an iron will to put them through. His flabby rival is a mere attorney, who fights the case that public opinion entrusts to him to the bitter end — a valiant knight of briefs and documents. He knew nothing about Germany, her internal situation, her capacity to pay. The Ruhr policy that he let be forced upon him by people like Léon Daudet was in his hands worse than a crime; it was a folly. Poincaré didn't know what he really wanted. A great banker said to me at the time: 'You can either ruin Germany or make her pay as much as she can; either is logical. But it is simply

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stupid to imagine that you can combine the two, as Poincaré is trying to do.'

The unfortunate Premier advertised his incompetence and folly to every eye when he rejected, in the autumn of 1922, the exceedingly favorable offer that Germany, who was exhausted by the long struggle, made to him. On the other hand, he was remarkably fortunate in being able to extricate France the following year from her impossible position by consenting to a new policy, although it placed control of affairs in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon countries and enabled them to turn them to their own profit.

France's general election in the spring of 1924, showing as it did that our people had shaken off their momentary obsessions, seemed to have freed both herself and Europe from the incubus of a statesman who had wrought them both dire damage. But he left the country in such a frightful financial fix that none of his successors — Herriot, Painlevé, Caillaux, or Briand, with all his skill and talent — could persuade the deputies to make the sacrifices needed to put the Government on a solvent footing. Endless hesitations and delays and constant cabinet crises raised a wave of discontent that finally broke in the summer of 1926. Ministry followed ministry in quick succession. The whole parliamentary system was called to judgment, and the boulevards were in a dangerous temper. Anything might happen — forcible seizure of the government by the Nationalists, or, what seemed more likely, a complete collapse of the franc. Then, by a second strange paradox of popular sentiment, the very man who was chiefly responsible for the country's ills was hailed by the public as the nation's savior. The moment Poincaré became head of a ministry of national unity the franc began to rise — long before any positive and rational step had been taken to justify the improvement. That was a psychological phenomenon that future historians will be puzzled to explain. Poincaré had gained an ascendancy over the public mind such as men of very moderate capacity not infrequently acquire, by virtue of identifying themselves with the common man's way of thinking. At the same time, his pliability was welcomed by big bankers and financial leaders, who resented the independence and superior ability of Caillaux.

How will this whole comedy end? Its last episode to date has been the escape of Léon Daudet, who is now bitterly hostile to Poincaré and charges the latter's brother-in-law, Police Magistrate Lannes, with being implicated in the murder of his son. No one can tell. Reason does not rule the world. A law which we only obscurely comprehend imposes fearful punishment on nations for the errors of their leaders. But how have the great criminals of 1914 — except the unfortunate Tsar, who was the most innocent of all — expiated their guilt? Isvolskii died in peace and quiet. Count Berchtold is making pleasant tours about the world. Lloyd George and Admiral von Tirpitz still retain a nimbus and a corps of followers. Poincaré is for the time being chief of a cabinet in which his bitterest enemies of yesterday sit, and the members of which pursue a policy of compromises and reciprocal concessions that defies all laws of logic.

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A FRENCH RED IN CHINA. II[1]

BY JACQUES DORIOT

AFTER leaving Shiuchow, a couple of hundred miles from Canton, we had no more railways, and therefore proceeded by river boats as far as Namyung. Our party now formed an imposing expedition. When we left Canton we already numbered a score with our interpreters and Chinese Party comrades. From Shiuchow on, however, we had in addition an escort of two hundred soldiers.

'You must be protected against bandits,' said General Chen. 'In this part of the country they never number more than thirty or forty in one body, and they'll not attack you with so large a military guard.' The Boatmen's Union placed at our disposal five of its best flatboats. Other travelers, who had waited for several days until they could join an escorted expedition, added themselves to our party for protection. For some time we slowly made our way upstream along the crenellated wall of the city. At last we reached the country.

Most of the land on either bank lay uncultivated. There were wild woodlands and large stretches of bamboo. We could see on distant mountain-sides columns of smoke from great fires, which a boatman explained were made to burn off the brush and coarse herbage of the fallow land before planting. Farther on we came to rice fields, but these were very poorly cultivated.

Ling, my interpreter, said: 'This country shows you that China is n't tilled up to the limit. Only fifteen per cent of the land here is actually under crop. If we had modern agricultural machinery we could put a good deal more in cultivation. But with our present equipment it is n't possible.'

Our little flatboats were not luxurious. They were about a yard deep, and covered with great bamboo mats, so that we could hardly sit erect. They were dark inside, and the smoke from the little fire for cooking rice and vegetables made our eyes smart. We were not able to read, and so resigned ourselves to sitting in silent patience.

Our boat crew consisted of both men and women. When the wind is favorable a big sail is used, but as there was no breeze we were towed. No towpath ran along the bank, as along our canals. Consequently the pullers were forced to clamber over rocks and to wade through water up to their waists where high banks bordered the river on either side. Sometimes, in spite of their efforts, aided by two of the boatmen who remained on board to pole, the swift current momentarily carried us downstream.

This towing is considered relatively easy work, however, for when the rivers are at flood it is necessary to resort exclusively to poling, which is much slower, as well as more tedious and laborious. These boatmen toil from sunrise to sunset, and often until late at night when it is necessary to reach a safe place to tie up. Our fare was eighty cents silver, or forty cents gold, a day per person. The boat owner kept part

[1] From *L'Humanité* (Paris official Communist daily), *July* 2, 6, 7

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of this, part went to pay for our food, and something less than half remained for wages. More than that, the boatmen have work only part of the year.

After two days of this slow river travel we reached a little village of five hundred people, where we landed. On the house walls were several posters. One read, 'Carry out the resolutions of the Second Kuomintang Congress' — which relate to labor conditions for workingmen and peasants. Another poster declared: 'Imperialism robs you of five hundred million dollars a year. The imperialist countries are England, France, America, and Japan.' Thus revolutionary doctrines are spread even to the smallest country hamlets by the agitatory proclamations of Canton.

An old peasant, after scanning me curiously for a few minutes, came up and spoke. I could n't understand a word he said, and my interpreter, who hastened up, was equally ignorant of the fellow's dialect. Finally we found a third old peasant, who could act as intermediary, and managed to make ourselves understood.

The old peasant wanted to sell us a chicken. We told him we would take one, but he gave us an extraordinarily ancient and scrawny fowl. It occurred to me that this might be his way of fighting imperialism. I was more interested in discovering what he thought of the Kuomintang Resolutions. The old man said: 'We have n't a Peasants' Union here. Instead we have a *min-tuan* of fifty members.' He meant a company of reactionaries controlled by the big landlords.

'Then who stuck up these posters?'

'Members of the Sailors' Union. We wanted to form a Peasants' Union, but we had no money, and no guns. The *min-tuan* objected. Its members said that it would n't do us any good, and that it was Bolshevism.'

I tried to pursue my inquiries further, but the old man thought that he had already said too much. We explained who we were, but his reticence only increased.

Returning to the river, we hired other boats and a new corps of boatmen to take us to Namyung, where we arrived the following day. It was raining heavily, but delegations from the trade-unions, the Army, and representatives of the Government were at the landing to receive us. After the usual procession through the narrow streets, where people gathered from all sides to inspect us, we reached a charming, quiet residence, where we rested. Then we had a long series of visits from secretaries of all sorts of organizations, who came to ask questions about the Communist movement abroad.

These labor organizers in Namyung were interesting fellows. When we offered to shake hands, several stared at us in astonishment. We had reached a part of China to which the Occidental veneer of the big cities had not yet penetrated. But though they did not understand shaking hands, we understood each other perfectly on labor matters. The secretary of the trade-union delegation described the local situation as follows: 'We've two classes of labor organizations here. Those which have more than one hundred and fifty members are full-fledged unions; those which are smaller are called branches. We have six unions, and one branch made up of the barbers, metal workers, tailors, tobacco workers, shop employees, building mechanics and laborers, and dyers. So far everything is going well. But the grocers want to organize a reactionary militia. They defeated the shop employees in their recent strike. We have lost a hundred members because we have no arms to defend ourselves.'

In answer to our questions, the secretary of the barbers' branch union said

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that it had seventy members, who formerly earned seven dollars silver, or about three dollars and a half in gold, a month, besides board and lodging. The union compelled the employers, however, to pay one dollar to their hands for every ten dollars they took in. That increased the average rate of pay until some members were then earning fourteen dollars silver, or seven dollars gold, a month. Tailors, who have two hundred members in their union, work from six o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night for thirty cents silver, or fifteen cents gold, and board a day. Those who work by the year receive board and lodging, and work from six in the morning until midnight for one hundred and twenty dollars silver annually. The metal workers' union, which includes plumbers, tinkers, and tinsmiths, has one hundred and fifty members, who as a rule are miserably paid. They work from fifteen to sixteen hours a day for wages ranging from four dollars silver to a maximum of eight dollars silver a month. Shop employees are paid by the year, and get from twenty to one hundred and thirty dollars silver for twelve months' service, according to their ability and experience. Apprentices earn nothing. This organization's three hundred members are employed mostly in shops dealing in imported goods and Chinese medicines. The secretary of the tobacco workers was a voluble fellow who told us a long story about his organization. It was formed a year ago, and has enrolled eleven hundred of the thirteen hundred wage-earners in the trade. Work is seasonal, and is paid for by the piece. There are eight hundred men and five hundred women, in round numbers, employed in the industry. The men earn from forty to forty-five cents silver for a thirteen-hour day, and the women a little less. But in order to get work the members must bribe the factory foremen, who take half of their wages as squeeze. One of these foremen organized a union of his own and saw that only members of it got jobs in the factory where he was employed. When he had collected seven hundred dollars in dues he skipped out with the funds.

Several times during our travels trade-union secretaries asked us to arbitrate disputes between them and their bosses. We did attempt to make friendly settlements in some cases, and our suggestions were generally well received by the employers, although not with great cordiality.

As we could not follow the river beyond Namyung, we had to continue our journey on foot from that point. Chairs with carriers were provided for us, but we did not like the idea of riding on human beasts of burden. We made exception, however, of Tom Mann, who was too old for the fatigue of constant hiking. In this way we traveled for something over forty English miles. As our caravan leader wanted to push forward rapidly, however, he insisted on taking along enough chairs for all of us in case we played out. Thus we sallied forth, a long file of porters, men, women, and children, all carrying bundles. The latter were attached to either end of a bamboo pole balanced over the carrier's shoulder. The chairs were light bamboo contrivances borne by three or four men. They preceded the procession, we came next, and the soldiers and porters brought up the rear. The caravan boss was a man employed to run the whole affair, and charged us a dollar a head for the trip. The trail was very bad. It reminded me of some of the ancient badly kept Roman roads we still find in out-of-the-way parts of France. But the country itself was charming — a succession of groves, solitary pines, flower-covered hillsides with rippling streams, and

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emerald rice fields in the hollows. The land was cultivated with primitive ploughs drawn by a water buffalo, or not infrequently by a peasant or his wife. We constantly passed through little villages, where we stopped to rest and to make petty purchases — joints of sugar cane and peasant rice cakes.

Our first stop for rest was at Li-tang, a little village of a few hundred people. It was market day, and the crowd of peasants greeted our arrival with comments that were not entirely complimentary. They thought at first that we were missionaries who had come to 'poison their spirit.' After some trouble we finally convinced them that we were not trying to get anything from them. They then told us that they were just then organizing a Peasants' Union. We were conducted to a place where some fifty peasants had gathered together in a little building, where they were debating the subject with great enthusiasm. Their main idea was to get lower rents, and to do something to their extortionate landlords.

'Now tell us exactly what you want to do,' we asked.

'Fight against the corrupt officials who are robbing the poor. We want to organize, but we need money. Without money we can't get arms. Without arms we are too weak to do anything.'

We talked to them, and even sang some songs with them, amid a great display of enthusiasm.

When we left, some peasant boys got possession of the Union's new flag and marched ahead of us. A little fellow who reached about halfway up to my knee shook hands with me. He had taken me under his protection from the first, and chatted away most volubly. I could n't understand a word he said, but that did n't discourage him. He had to trot as fast as he could to keep up with me, and he must have had something important on his mind, for in spite of his breathless pace he never stopped talking for a minute. No interpreters were near, so I tried repeating the last words of his sentences as well as I could catch them. He was radiant with joy, and rushed off with his playmates when they left to return to the village. We all joined in shouting after them the Chinese equivalent of 'Down with imperialism.'

We made other short halts in the course of the day, and at each point similar scenes were repeated. Finally we had to think of a stopping place for the night. Since there were no adequate accommodations in any of the villages, we were directed to a temple. Here a little man wearing a slender beard received us by clasping his hands over his breast and bobbing his head rapidly up and down. We replied to his salute in the same manner. We discovered that it was a Taoist temple that had opened its hospitable gates to us. The priest remarked, 'The venerable fathers are undoubtedly fatigued?' He also evidently thought we were missionaries. We did not disillusion him, for there is a sort of freemasonry among all the representatives of God.

We were conducted around the temple. It stood over a great cavern in the rocks, within which several very rude chapels had been built. Each contained a number of gilded and painted statues of men with long beards. Several of the soldiers of our escort took advantage of the occasion to perform the rites of their religion. They saluted and bowed before the saints in the same way that the guardian of the temple had greeted us, joining their hands, making three obeisances, and then lowering their hands again.

We entered the larger cavern, from which a strange penetrating voice emerged. Using our electric flashlights

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to guide us through the darkness, we came upon a little priest who was chanting apparently an evening service. He arose and saluted us anew.

We learned that this was a famous temple. When students from Canton passed this way in the old days on their journey to take their examinations at Peking they invariably stopped and paid their devotions to the guardian deity in order to 'have good luck.' They had scribbled everywhere on the walls little verses which they had composed, praying for success. Several of these were translated for our benefit. We ourselves left no inscriptions, but we slept excellently, and at seven o'clock the following morning resumed our journey.

Our trail grew narrower after this as we toiled slowly up the mountains to Mei-ling Pass, through which runs the only road from the province of Kwangtung to the province of Kiangsi. It is an important strategic point, easily defended, and its possession explains why Kwangtung was able to serve so long as an organizing centre for the revolution without fear of attack from the north. Finally we reached the summit and began to descend the other side, passing numerous litters borne by porters, and women carrying heavy burdens on the ends of bamboo poles. I asked what was in some of the packages, and was told paper, tobacco, and 'white pebbles.' The white pebbles were tungsten ore from the district of Tahu.

'Are there tungsten mines there?' I asked.

'Not big mines,' my interpreter explained. 'The peasants hunt for these white pebbles and sell them to buyers, who export them. The peasants who do this work have organized a trade-union with five thousand members. China is the world's biggest tungsten producer. In 1922 it supplied seventy per cent of the world's output of this mineral.'

We now came to the likin. While waiting for the caravan to come up I entered the building and exchanged visiting cards with the head official. Here I was served tea, sunflower seeds, and cigarettes. The likin collectors seemed honest fellows, and I took advantage of the opportunity, and their friendly bearing, to ask some questions.

'Likin,' they explained, 'is an internal customs duty. In order to ship merchandise from one province to another, or from one city to another, one must pay a tax. There are likin stations all over the country, at distances not exceeding thirty miles from each other. The imposts are not fixed with much precision; they vary with the kind of goods, the province, and the necessities of the local government. One pays both an import and an export tax at each provincial or municipal boundary, amounting to from two to ten per cent. Goods that pass through several provinces may be taxed in this way from fifteen to twenty per cent of their value. At this likin station we tax only imports. Two li' (a little more than half a mile) 'farther back is the export station — you passed it on your way.'

My interpreter, who was thoroughly conversant with all the abuses in his country, explained to me after the likin agent had finished his reply that this tax is a great obstacle to economic progress. It was first levied a little more than seventy-five years ago, to raise money to suppress the Taiping Rebellion. At first it was a very moderate tax, but since then it has kept on increasing. Its burden falls almost entirely upon the Chinese themselves, inasmuch as foreign merchandise, which pays customs duties, is free from likin.

Since the likin men do not collect

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taxes on the luggage of travelers, our caravan was passed without much trouble. As we were leaving, the official who had received me so courteously bowed and said: 'If you have time this evening, I beg you to come back so that we can continue our conversation.' I replied, in French of course: 'I fear, my dear sir, that I shall not be able to do so, for Nan Nan-fu is quite a distance from here.' After we had left, my interpreter, Ling, said: 'I did n't translate your answer to that man's invitation, because what he said was only a formula of politeness. If you had come back this evening he would have been the most surprised man in China.'

A sharp shower forced us to take refuge in our sedan chairs. I pondered on what a horrible life the carriers led. Every few minutes the poor fellows had to change the bamboo litter-poles from one shoulder to the other. At the next village we bought ourselves good Chinese umbrellas and relieved our carriers of their burden.

No one was expecting us at Nan Nan-fu. We went to the yamen, where a little official with a thin black beard, and wearing a black silk bonnet on his head, received us. He was obviously a man of the old régime. We asked him several questions, but found him rather reticent. Among the big mottoes in the hall, which were translated for our benefit, were these: 'The Socialism of Sun Yat-sen is not Marxianism.' 'Can we attain the Three National Principles without a revolution?' 'Let us struggle peaceably to save China.' The local trade-unions and the Peasants' Union called a little meeting in our honor. Labor was well organized at this place, with fifteen unions and some thirteen thousand members. Wages are about the same as at Namyung: bamboo workers earn thirty-five cents silver a day, without board; jewelers, forty to fifty cents; and paper workers, forty cents. Raftsmen, who float bamboo down the river to the city, make one dollar a day — fifty cents American currency — while actually employed. These organizations are making rapid headway, since the Government favors them. A representative of the Chamber of Commerce was present at the meeting, and made a speech of greeting. The peasants, however, are not getting along as well as the town workers. Their five unions have only six hundred members. They fear lest the landlords may refuse to rent land to men known to favor the Peasant movement. Rural laborers earn only ten to fifteen cents silver, or from five to eight cents gold, a day — presumably with rice.

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SEEING THE UKRAINE[1]

BY J. G. SROM

[THE author is an engineer by profession who has spent many years in Moscow as a newspaper correspondent. This is the record of a recent journey of investigation through the Ukraine.]

I. MOSCOW — KHARKOF

THE train left Moscow late at night. Before boarding it I inspected every coach to see if we were carrying any of the child tramps who have become such a prominent and tragic feature in this country. I found none, however — partly because the Moscow police are on the alert for them, and partly because the Crimea season is long since over. Nevertheless, I knew that a quarter of a million of these nomadic waifs are constantly on the move.

We left Moscow promptly on schedule. I awoke next morning to find the bright spring sun of late April shining cheerfully upon the broad plains between Tula and Orel, which had just lost their white winter mantle. The land seemed waiting for the plough, but although it was nearly 8 A.M. I could observe no one working in the fields. I waited, watch in my hand, to see if the eight-hour day accounted for this. At five minutes after eight I saw the first man laboring in a field near the village of Moensk. He was spreading manure, but in such a leisurely way that I wondered whether he was working or playing.

A few minutes later things livened up. Groups of men and women with their implements on their shoulders, and accompanied here and there by a little pony dragging a plough or a cart and led by a muzhik in a fur cap, began to appear. Toward half-past eight I saw men actually hurrying to work. A little later the train passed peasants ploughing. They wore coarse linen trousers and straw boots, and plodded slowly behind their primitive ploughs, most of which are still made of wood alone. Wide areas of untilled land alternated with green surfaces of winter grain. The latter were so extensive that they presented no evidence that the great estates formerly so common in this region had been divided up among the people. I was told that the peasants here make it a practice to sow large areas with the same crop, and, as the fields are not divided by fences or hedges, the small holdings have the appearance of vast stretches of continuous cultivation.

All field work seemed to be timed to the same rhythm — that of the slowest worker. The land is marvelously fertile. It might be made to produce three times the present crop.

As we drew nearer Kharkof herds of cattle became more common and live stock looked in better condition. Here and there I noticed little flocks of black sheep. The cows were covered with filth, which had accumulated in thick crusts on their coats during the winter and would not wear off until they had been at pasture for several weeks. Village followed village in rapid suc-

[1] From *Neues Wiener Tagblatt* (Vienna Liberal daily), *May* 31, *June* 12, 27

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cession. Each was precisely like the others, and all looked poverty-stricken. They consisted of sagging wooden huts with mouldering thatched roofs, where a single spark on a dry windy day might leave a hundred families homeless. Not a tree was visible. Later the construction of houses changed and I began to see adobe walls; but the roofs were still of thatch. As we proceeded still farther southward, however, the villages grew somewhat tidier and the houses were painted in bright colors. We were reaching districts that have an agricultural surplus.

Details began to stand out in the picture. At one station I noticed a spick-and-span-looking coach standing upon the siding. It bore the inscription, 'Traveling Dental Clinic of the People's Commissariat for Hygiene.' On a little flight of steps leading to the platform ten or a dozen people, mostly village girls, were seated. In the station yard at Orel I saw endless lines of bad-order cars standing on the tracks. This is a common enough sight in Russia, but these cars were perfect wrecks. They had been stripped of most of their woodwork for fuel, and only their rusty metal skeletons remained.

Provisions were abundant. At the railway station scores of village women lined up on the platform with pitchers of milk, roast chickens, sour pickles, bread, and apples, which they besought us to buy with almost pathetic eagerness. The farther we got from Moscow the lower the prices were.

Just as we were crossing into the Ukraine I overheard the following conversation.

'Michel Ivanovitch, you must n't think that this Ukrainizing is successful everywhere. You never hear a word of Ukrainian among our miners in the Donetz coal district. Our people are all from Smolensk, Tula, Kursk, and other Russian governments, and they will never learn Ukrainian.'

'But the educated classes are learning Ukrainian, are n't they, since the Government requires it of public employees?'

'Not a bit of it. Now, I come from the Ukraine. One of the officials there is my cousin. But I rarely speak Ukrainian, and there are many words in that language I don't understand.'

These men spoke in Russian. As I afterward learned, one of them was an engineer from the Donetz mines, and the other a prominent Moscow official. A few minutes later the train drew into a big railway yard and came to a stop at a large station, where a sign in Ukrainian informed us that we had reached Kharkof, one hour late.

Odessa is to-day a city of striking contrasts. She still preserves the essentials of her former beauty — her site high above the sea overlooking a wonderful natural harbor, and the beautiful boulevards and palaces which her wealthy merchants and financiers bestowed upon her in the days of her prosperity. But the civil war, which raged worse here than in almost any other part of Russia, has left her with many unhealed wounds. So parks and avenues as clean, as sumptuous, almost as well kept, as the best of Paris alternate with streets and quarters of flame-blackened and shell-shattered ruins. The centre of the city and the high boulevard in front of the harbor, where the Communist Government and its multitudinous organizations have their seat, have suffered little. But the whole periphery of the town, and many sections of its interior, are little more than heaps of wreckage.

Along the shore boulevard stand plundered palaces. Occasionally one has been put into good repair, and you may be certain that it is occupied by a

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Communist Party club, a Government office, or some wealthy state-trust official. Most of them, however, are now untidy and dilapidated workingmen's tenements.

One great surprise is to see how the revolutionary monuments have been neglected. Close to the railway station is an extensive open space which has been christened the 'Square of the Victims of the Revolution.' In the centre are buried in two common graves the men who fell during the street fighting in the city. Their monument is a primitive pyramid of rough stones, which was apparently covered at one time with colored cloth, fragments of which still flutter from its base. Already the stones are falling down. There is no inscription, nothing to tell whom the rude heap of boulders commemorates. Other revolutionary monuments are almost equally neglected. In one place a giant vase, apparently intended to represent a funeral urn, bears an ungrammatical inscription commemorating the fighting between 1917 and 1920. Around its base is an ugly barbed-wire fence.

In the old days Odessa was one of the busiest seaports in the world. A forest of masts and smokestacks filled the harbor between the breakwater and the wharves. Long rows of busy cranes lined the quays. A whole army of sturdy stevedores was constantly unloading and loading vessels. As I looked down across the harbor from the boulevard the other morning, I said to myself, 'This city is utterly dead.' I could count but eleven ships in the whole harbor, most of which were hulks. In addition a number of tugs and scows were visible, apparently laid up for good. The following morning I counted but nine ships. The only foreign vessels, the Greek steamer Martis and the Italian steamer Abbazia, had sailed. They had brought raisins, oranges, and lemons to Odessa, and had taken away hay and potatoes in exchange. The next morning I looked again, and there were only the same nine vessels that had been there the day before.

Yet the port and the harbor works are in good repair. In fact, they are in a better condition than when I last saw them at the close of the war, before the Bolsheviki took possession of the city. Not only are the warehouses and cranes in good shape, but several new wharf structures are being erected. These include a modern cold-storage warehouse, a large drying house for corn, huge silos, and a grain elevator. During the first half of the year five hundred and seventy thousand tons of shipping, including coastal vessels, entered the harbor. Most of the traffic is concentrated, however, in the wheat-shipping season.

Several of Odessa's factories are in operation. One large agricultural machinery works, which is now devoted solely to making ploughs, employs five thousand hands, and is the largest plant of the kind in Russia. A number of machine shops and sugar refineries, and one cannery, are working. The big oil refinery is idle. Only two of these establishments, however, the plough works and the cannery, are in reasonably good condition.

The business streets are lively and metropolitan. Among the idle and half-idle population are many Jews and Greeks, who were until recently prosperous speculators, but are now reduced to money-changing and other petty and *sub rosa* traffic. Most of the former longshoremen are also idle, partly because there are few ships, and partly because machinery has been installed to do their work. Nevertheless, the people are better clothed and look more prosperous than in most other Russian cities. Possibly this is because they are

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in closer contact with the outer world. I have noticed this in particular in case of the women, many of whom appear in public elegantly dressed. Russian is spoken everywhere except in the Government offices, where Ukrainian is used. All signs are in the latter language.

Crimea was one of the last parts of Russia to resist the victorious revolution. Incredible stories are still whispered here of the thousands and thousands slaughtered by the Bolsheviki and by their adversaries in the last desperate struggle. But all this was only a prelude to an even greater catastrophe, the famine of 1921 and 1922, which ravaged Crimea as ruthlessly as it did the Volga Valley.

To-day the country is nominally an autonomous republic, all of whose numerous nationalities are gradually taking their color from the Crimean Tatars. Four social classes can be distinguished — sailors; tramp children from Russia; lungers and other invalids, who have come here for the climate; and the natives. The sailors and officers of the Fleet form an upper caste that here as elsewhere looks down with scorn upon ordinary infantrymen, artillerymen, and even cavalrymen. Did n't Trotskii in the time of his glory address the Navy as 'the pride and ornament of the Revolution'? Russian sailors have always been a husky, broad-shouldered, red-cheeked tribe. When they stroll in full dress uniform along the promenade at Sebastopol or Yalta they are a joy to the eye — blue trousers, white blouses, sailor collars, white caps with black ribbons. What maiden heart can resist them! They are well disciplined, and, though not worldy-wise, are brave, headstrong, and bubbling over with high spirits. They keep their ships in faultless condition, not merely because this is the order, but because they take pride in being model revolutionists.

'Marine commanders' — the word 'officer' is no longer used — cut a prominent figure at all the coast resorts. They are spirited fellows who have the handsomest uniforms and are the best trained of any branch of the service. They are remarkably young — you rarely see among them a man of middle age, and never one with gray hair. They are elegant, courteous, dignified, and agreeable. But their conversation is not particularly intellectual. The red and gold Soviet emblem adorns their white caps, and they wear a red star on the sleeves of their white blouses, together with three or four golden stripes, whose number and breadth indicate their rank. Common sailors do not salute their commanders on the street, but the relations between them and their officers are friendly and mutually respectful. All in all, the Soviet Navy is one of the pleasantest sights you see in Russia — and the one that reminds you most of the 'good old days.'

At the other extreme are the child tramps. What a contrast with the tidy and well-clothed sailors! Crimea is as much a resort for juvenile vagabonds as it is for health-seeking invalids. They flock hither like swallows from all parts of Russia with the first signs of autumn, dropping off the railroad trains in swarms. You see great troops of them wherever you go — at Simferopol, Feodosiya, and above all at Sebastopol. But they are a rare sight in Yalta, for one must take a steamer or an autobus to reach that point. They are rather cleaner here than in Moscow, for they spend half the day in the sea; but, if possible, they are even more ragged. They live less by theft and more by beggary than in the North. During the day they sleep and swim; during the evening they forage. In

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parties of five or six, they make the rounds of restaurants and other places of entertainment, where the boldest, whom they call their ataman, begs from table to table. They eat their fill of the leavings on the plates, drink what beer and wine are left in glasses and bottles, and when they have had enough themselves take anything left over to their waiting comrades. They may be driven out ten times, but they'll come back the eleventh. Indeed, they are often encouraged by the guests, who make a point of leaving food on the table for them.

In addition to begging, these little vagabonds have a number of petty trades. They pick up stray newspapers, which they sell at cut rates to the public, thus becoming competitors of the regular newsboys, whose wrath they are able to defy, for they are well organized and carry Finnish knives. Most of these *besprisorni* or 'uncontrolled' children whom I have seen are from ten to fifteen years old. They seem to vary in character in different cities — partly, perhaps, according to the way they are treated. At Sebastopol they are sharp, witty, and happy, and the people treat them kindly. In fact, some enterprising mothers there send their own children out to beg disguised as 'uncontrolled.' At Simferopol they are impudent and coarse and show criminal tendencies. At Feodosiya they are insistent but not saucy. And the few at Yalta pick up a living as 'nonunion' bootblacks. As a body they are shrewd, intelligent, and thoroughly hardened to life. They are inordinately fond of the cinema, and call themselves by the names of their favorite film heroes.

These tramp children, and most of the natives as well, ultimately live upon the army of invalids from the North. The south shore of Crimea is a perfect paradise from the beginning of April until late in December, and thousands come here from all parts of Russia to recover their health, or simply to enjoy the magnificent climate. Although the Russian middle classes have theoretically been wiped out, and have in truth lost much of their substance, they manage nevertheless to get their Crimean vacations. They sell something or borrow money to buy a half-price ticket, and hie themselves off for a thousand-mile journey toward the south. They spend very little on these outings. Any kind of rude, primitive place in which to sleep, and hot water to make tea, are about all they ask. They bring their bedding and cooking utensils with them. As a rule they are jolly, pleasant, resourceful, and likable. Individually no one of them contributes much to the incomes of the hotel keepers and the natives, but in the mass they make a good deal of business. In any case, they are cordially welcome.

Wealthier visitors grow fewer and fewer as time goes on. Nepmen are becoming scarcer. Higher Soviet officials generally stop at public sanitariums and villas. You rarely find a hotel in Crimea to-day where all the rooms are occupied. Many women are among the annual guests, and now that divorces are so easy their temporary separation from their families often becomes permanent. In fact, many new marriages are contracted during the summer season. The legal formalities are so simple nowadays — merely registering and filing documents — that these ladies have made Crimea a sort of happy hunting ground for new husbands.

Last of all, there are the natives. They are a mixture of some twenty nationalities. Russians are the most numerous, followed by Tatars, Germans, and Jews in the order named. The Jews form one quarter of the population of the capital, Simferopol. Northern Cri-

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mea has several Jewish agricultural colonies interspersed with its German, Czech, Bulgar, Greek, Tatar, and Russian villages. In a general way the native population is fairly prosperous, but there are many exceptions, especially among the Tatars, whose villages are often in extreme distress because these people simply cannot learn to raise grain; they prosper only where they can raise fruit, wine, or tobacco successfully.

This hodgepodge of populations naturally presents political difficulties. The peasant Soviets employ the language of the people who form a majority of the village. They use either the village tongue or Russian in dealing with the central authorities, who in turn ordinarily employ Russian, and sometimes Tatar. Signs are in both Tatar and Russian. Nevertheless, a good deal of friction arises in villages and districts where several languages are spoken, and the Jews are especially loud in their complaint of anti-Semitism. Among my acquaintances was the vice-president of the Central Executive Committee of the Crimea. He rejoiced in the strictly Czech name Varoslav Hasek, he called himself a German, he transacted business in Russian, and he was a high functionary of the Tatar Republic.

Gradually the ruin and wreckage of the Revolution and civil war are disappearing. But in many places they will never entirely vanish. The historical city of Bakhchisaray, formerly the residence of the khans and sultans of Crimea, with its famous royal palace and 'Fountain of Tears,' had a population of more than twenty thousand before the war, and now has scarcely six thousand. Ruined and abandoned houses where the remnants of the Tatar population still drag out a miserable existence are all that is left. In fact, Crimea as a whole has been proletarianized and impoverished. She has lost her olden glory. This impresses one the more because she used to be the most aristocratic and luxurious province of Russia. Nevertheless, she is still beautiful, like a pearl in a tarnished and broken setting.

NEW LIFE IN GERMANY[1]

BY SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

'JUST like your River Thames, eh?' said my German friend as the little launch nosed her way among a thousand craft on one of the arms of the Wannsee, which is Berlin's most popular water resort.

It was not at all like the Thames, except that, it being a broiling hot Sunday, there were packed steamboats, with bands, sailing boats innumerable, and, it seemed, thousands of rowboats and canoes.

The difference was in the people and their attire — or, rather, the almost complete absence of it so far as the Germans were concerned. There were no white-flanneled youths sporting gay cravats, and no daintily flounced and

[1] From the *Sunday Times* (London Conservative Sunday paper), *July* 3

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carmine-lipped damsels reclining languidly beneath sun umbrellas on heaps of cushions. There was no laughter, though now and then a gramophone wailed. Everybody was hatless, unsheltered from the sun, and as near being naked as any imaginable police regulations would allow. These tens of thousands of folk were not there for the fun of the thing; they were there because Germany is solemnly obsessed to be healthy and strong. Open-air life is one of the means. It was an amazing sight.

Some sixty thousand men, women, and youngsters gather at the Freibad Wannsee, the municipal beach, and those who are not in the water sprawl round sunning themselves, reminding me, at a short distance, of a cinema film I have seen of a camp of plump seals.

This is the time of the year when all good Prussians have their heads shaved, and as fathers of families are frequently comfortably corpulent — not a pretty sight when the only garb is a skimpy pair of 'trunks' — there is a resemblance to the familiar cast of the Chinese God of Content. No man thinks of wearing anything more than 'trunks,' because he knows that the sun tanning his flesh is good for him. The young women — and very comely most of these Fräulein are — keep to one-piece bathing suits. The great thing is to expose the body as much as possible to the sun.

There are thousands of young folk canoeing and rowing and sailing, and all in the scantiest covering I have mentioned. Women are at the oars as well as the men. They are bronzed, and their hair is unruly. There are no powder puffs and no vanity bags. There is zest for exercise, for nature-worship, to be robust and virile. No, the scene was not much like what you will find up Maidenhead way, but, upon my soul, these young Germans struck me as a shapely and sturdy lot.

This is only one of the evidences of how Germans have taken to the open air. Since militarism is practically abolished, it seems as though the whole population is finding an outlet for its energy in athletics. The Government and local authorities provide encouragement. Last summer when I was here there was the golden statue of a nymph in Unter den Linden to indicate to the girls of Berlin the charm of symmetrical physique — and it is to be remembered that the girls of Berlin to-day are just as slim as those you will see in Hyde Park on a Sunday morning, or on the Champs Élysées, or tripping up Fifth Avenue.

Physical culture is the great topic of conversation. To get back to nature, to excel in sports, are the national ambition. I have found a crowd before a bookseller's window which showed nothing but books on exercises and the open-air life and photographs of girls in what artists call 'the altogether,' dancing through the woods. There was recently an art exhibition in Berlin, and the pictures were confined to representations of the joy of games, of travel, of sport, of being in the flowered valleys, or climbing the wind-swept hills.

This craze for 'fitness' has, in many cases, had bad results. The German Frau used to be proud of her abundant figure, but now refuses soup and abjures sweets, and *Wurst* is no longer her delight — with the consequence that by starvation she often makes herself ill. Young people, working in shops, offices, and factories, have been overdoing it, have strained their hearts and otherwise injured themselves. So there have been started in Berlin, and other cities are following, sport advice centres where people can go and receive free counsel concerning the kind of sport they should adopt and how much of it. At

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the east end of Berlin — like our own East End, except that there are no slums — there are places provided where working-class women and children may lie down and take sun baths.

The other afternoon I was walking in the Grünewald, with some similarity to Epping Forest, and I came across many family picnicking parties, and most of them were stripped to the waist, for every school child is taught the peculiar benefits of sun rays. There is no Saturday afternoon off, but there is a vigorous movement in favor of the half-holiday. Railway fares — fourth class — are cheap. When recently I was at Essen, the Sheffield of Germany, I saw an advertisement at the station of fourpenny-halfpenny return fares from the grime to the countryside. And I have seen thousands of working-class families out in the country taking their own food, and only paying a few pfennigs at a *Gasthaus* for hot water with which to make coffee.

This summer there is a boom for what is called 'the English week-end.' The popular belief is that every week-end all English people make for the country. I've an idea it is generally thought to be compulsory under the command of Sir W. Joynson-Hicks or some other great statesman. Recently there was a Week-end Exhibition in Berlin, and a considerable display of bungalows with all sorts of contraptions to be made uncomfortable, such as stolid furniture and bunks instead of beds, in which we British are supposed to disport ourselves when we own week-end cottages.

Everybody cannot have a bungalow, so the next best thing is a tent. No capital city in the world is so splendidly placed as Berlin, amid great lakes and lovely woods; but most of the land is privately owned, and the invasion of tent dwellers is not always welcomed. However, there is municipal land much patronized; but it is also patrolled, and the display of wedding rings is not enough — the marriage certificate has to be produced on demand, or the connubial camp dwellers are sharply ordered to move on.

The most ardent simple-lifers belong to the *Bund für Freie Menschen* (League of Free People), to which belong both men and women, to whom costume of any kind is considered vulgar. They have their own localities, spend a good deal of their time in rhythmic exercises to develop the beauty of the body, and are too shocked for words if anyone suggests they are not animated by the purest of motives. Mensendieck exercises have taken the place of the old Swedish drill, and I am told that millions of Germans, particularly young women, begin their day with fifteen minutes of free gymnastics.

The German Government is energetically behind the new health movement. There are thousands of clubs, all under a central body, the *Deutscher Reichsauschuss für Leibesübungen* (German National Committee for Physical Exercises), which controls some seven million members of all sorts of sporting and athletic associations. Pamphlets are sprayed throughout the country on how to improve health. The film, *Wege zu Kraft und Schönheit*, — new roads to strength and beauty — has been shown everywhere. Germans were always good at tramping, and they are more eager than ever, carrying their whole kit, sometimes quite weighty, with them, women as well as men. Last autumn when I was on the German-Austrian frontier I came across more Germans on tramp in a day than I have done in the course of a year in England — and I do a good deal of tramping myself when at home. The German Touring Club has 140,000 members.

Then there is the Young Germany League, with a quarter of a million members, rather on the plan of our Boy

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Scouts, founded by the late Field-Marshal von der Goltz. One of the wonderful things is the way boys and girls, young men and young women, go off in groups of twenty or more to wander the countryside for several days at a time. They are plainly clad, well shod, invariably bareheaded, and they carry rucksacks. Away they go to the hills and the forests with a guide. I'm constantly coming across them, generally singing. How many young people are tramping Germany just now I cannot even guess.

The authorities have provided two thousand places, *auberges*, — and where these are not provided arrangements have been made with villagers, — where the youth of Germany can get a bed for threepence a night, and always be provided with a good bowl of soup for another threepence. The rest of their food they are expected to bring with them or to purchase in the villages — mostly sausages and rye bread. This is infinitely better than the 'day in the country' plan which we have. The number of young people who to-day are following up the simple life under the auspices of the *Verband für Deutsche Jugendherbergen* is 95,000.

Not only is everybody urged to become fit, and advice given what should be done and left undone, but it is necessary to have an army of instructors. So the German College for Physical Exercises has a great body of men and women who, having been instructed themselves, are sent forth to instruct the populace. This National Committee has a lively eye for superior athletics, and, with a sufficiency of money in hand, is now actively preparing that at the next Olympic games at Amsterdam Germany shall lead the world. No more are military medals bestowed in Germany, but there are official medals given to athletes who pass particular tests, and already 43,000 persons have received them. A medal granted by the *Deutsche Hochschule für Leibesübungen* seems to be as much desired to-day as the Iron Cross was ten years ago.

Perhaps it is difficult to convey a full idea of the tremendous enthusiasm there is for sport. There are three thousand athletic clubs, with 410,000 members. Gymnastic societies are everywhere, and the largest of these organizations, the *Deutsche Turnverschaft*, claims to have more than 1,600,000 active members. A month or two ago when in Italy I was surprised at the popularity of football. Here in Germany football may be said to have become the national democratic game. There are 6400 clubs, with 875,000 members, all amateurs — though semiprofessionalism is creeping in by well-paid business jobs being found for famous players if they join particular local clubs.

Viewing Germany from an athletic standpoint, its position cannot be reckoned as better than second class, though we must remember that most of the impulse has come within the last three years. Golf has begun to 'catch on,' and, though the play is not distinctive, there are already twenty clubs, with over five thousand members, and the Golf and Land Club at Wannsee has very sporty links. Lawn tennis is almost as popular as in England, but, while Germany has first-class players, they are not as good as the pre-war players; but now that Germany is no longer cold-shouldered by the athletic associations of other countries a spurt is anticipated in international contests.

The other week, when a German-American meeting took place, 'all Berlin' thronged to see the match between Tilden and Otto Froitzheim, whose great play against Norman Brookes at Wimbledon in 1914 may be remembered. Hockey is to the fore with 530 clubs and 30,000 members; and did not German

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teams have success at the English championship meeting a little time ago? The Berlin Rowing Club claims it has the best 'eight' in Europe outside England, and is under the severe discipline of Sullivan, an Irishman from New Zealand, once champion sculler of the world, who was genially interned during the war. When at the Armistice he removed himself to another country a unanimous invitation from the wealthy Berlin Rowing Club brought him back to Germany.

It would be easy to pile up figures, running into hundreds of thousands, of Germans who belong to mountaineering, touring, motoring, swimming, and other clubs. The great point is that this summer Germany has 'gone crazy' on athletics and out-of-door life. It is all very strenuous and serious. One gets the impression that behind it all is a recognition of national duty. Germany must not have a great army, but there is no clause in the Versailles Treaty of Peace prohibiting Germany's determination to be the healthiest, strongest, and most physically fit nation in the world.

THE GERMAN YOUTH MOVEMENT[1]

BY MARCEL RAYMOND

A FORMER Wandervogel remarked to me the other day: 'Some books have been written on our movement, but so far they've missed the point. The authors have omitted its essential element — our sentiments, joys, hopes, the things that count for most and yet are hardest to define.' When questioned about these things a Wandervogel usually becomes vague and confused, his eyes glow, and his manner betrays a certain exultation of spirit. He is evidently moved by some powerful ideal, more difficult to analyze than to accept, which lifts him to a higher plane of feeling.

The Wandervögel movement began about 1908, when a few young Germans decided to break away from organized society, to reject the generally accepted standards of values, and to escape the fetters of 'education by their elders.' This last point is still strongly stressed by the true Wandervogel. It may be expressed as follows: 'We are not understood by those who assume to instruct and guide us. The education they would force upon us was perhaps all right when our fathers were young, but it won't do for us.' These young people, seeking freedom from intellectual bondage, fell under the influence of advocates of open-air schools, who were then attacking what is called 'the philological spirit' in Germany. Adopting the idea of a return to nature, the first Wandervögel, mostly musicians and singers captivated by the delights of retirement and solitude, lived in the open fields. These groups were recruited from middle-class families, and they openly objected to military service and militarism — a rare thing at that time.

Then came the war, revolution, and chaos. Those who had expected victory

[1] From *La Semaine Littéraire* (Geneva Liberal weekly), *June* 18

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up to the end changed sides overnight. Those who had unwillingly donned a uniform now dreamed only of forgetting the past and finding a new reason for living. The adolescents who had emerged from the war period haphazardly brought up and educated were recalled to systematic studies. It was at this time that the youth of the country definitely adopted the Wandervögel idea and organized their earliest mixed bands. First in Thuringia, then in other provinces, young people took to the open road, seeking adventure to the accompaniment of violins and beribboned guitars. At night the enchantment continued: there were encampments in the moonlight, sentimental walks, school songs, tender tears at the side of running brooks. The Wandervögel addressed everyone as *du*, for all were brothers. Few young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty could resist the widespread enthusiasm.

What did these knights with bare legs and bare heads seek? Was it pure country air, physical exercise, liberty, the joy of living, virile friendships, and other more or less ennobling experiences? No doubt many individuals found all this, but they really sought in their own way to regain happy hearts and to recover forgotten joys. It was necessary to flee from the towns in order to triumph over the mob, society, conventional illusion, and, last of all, over civilization. For the German draws a clear line between civilization and culture, the first being the product of material progress, the second the blossoming of the cultivated mind and spirit. They sought this inner happiness in nature, among their boy and girl companions, and in the forest, where one might discover, they believed, the great secret of the world, the *Weltseele*, the Oversoul, the divine fire. This desire for mystical possessions drove the Wandervögel to reject the superficialities of civilization for an exalted, lyrical life.

Nothing is more diverse and vague than the mysticism of the Wandervögel. It ranges from the purest pantheism to Christian spiritualism. All true followers, however, cultivate a romanticism which they regard as the instrument through which mankind may be regenerated. Some Wandervögel regard Rousseau as their great guide. Others idealize certain episodes of the Thirty Years' War. But most of them hark back to the Middle Ages, and strive to renew the tradition of the *Burschen* — the mediæval journeymen who wandered through the country seeking work. The connection is more artificial than real, for these modern wanderers have created a Middle Ages of their own out of their own imaginations. I know a facetious Wandervögel — a very rare type — who read some truly mystical poems of the fourteenth century to his comrades one day. Their disappointment, as may well be imagined, was intense.

Such readings are very popular as a rule, however, and the members attach great importance to them. I shall not stop here to describe the curious Wandervögel catechisms and handbooks, or their collections of naïve, inspirational tales. A much more curious fact is that certain learned and aristocratic poets whose abstruse work would apparently interest only a very limited élite have been adopted by the Wandervögel. Even in their larger gatherings, which include many young people of the working class, we may hear read Carl Spitteler's lofty strophes, the plaintive melodies of Maria Rilke, or the poems of Stephan Georg. But the real textual meaning of these works is entirely secondary to their liturgical or devotional effect, which makes their most obscure passages the most sug-

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gestive. Words that provoke tears represent the supreme height of literature for the initiated. The symbolical imagery of Stephan Georg, it has been said, is particularly appreciated for this reason.

There has been much talk, of course, about the inevitable excesses and immorality which have threatened at times to discredit the entire Youth Movement. The exceptional has been emphasized; and such unpleasant aspects were at any rate largely confined to the first few troubled years following the war. To-day the devotees of *Schönheit* are scattered, being found more often in the cabarets and music halls, where they are getting back their old jobs. A movement of such amplitude, and drawing from all social types, unavoidably collected both pure and impure, the tares with the wheat.

Now as to the present status of this agitation. I really should have spoken in the past of this strange 'religion,' for a state of mind of this type can only be developed in a time of anarchy. Although the civilization of 1927 is not one to stir men's admiration, its downfall appears less imminent to the eyes of a new generation. Enthusiasm cannot be kept at a high key by propaganda and education. Days of privation are past, moreover, and one prefers to take the railroad. The students of those years have settled down to regular careers; they have become engineers or teachers. Idle apprentices and workmen have found jobs, and no longer infest the highways from Italy to Norway.

But if faith has weakened, and old-timers talk of treason, the Wandervögel are still numerous. The young workingmen of to-day have regular employment, but they make up parties every Sunday to seek the freedom of the fields and forests. Many teachers still recall their earlier inspiration and instruct their students in the Wandervögel catechism. During the summer vacations they convert their schoolrooms into dormitories for these youthful strollers. Towns have thrown open their old barracks and castles as shelters for these bands of pilgrims. Foot travel is immensely popular, and during good weather entire families take to the road with knapsacks on their backs. I know a university professor who recently walked with his wife and four children from Leipzig to Bamberg, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles.

One important observation in conclusion. The Wandervögel have not sworn allegiance to any political creed. In 1920 they were distinctly anti-political. Although there are sections actually attached to parties, — mostly Socialist, but also Communist, and even Nationalist, — when those of different opinions gather in any place the ancient faith of the Wandervögel forms a common bond which all recognize. Nonpartisans are the most numerous to-day, and among these independents, who still regard the State with distrust, one finds the young Germans who are most attached to liberty.

Unfortunately, many a Wandervogel of 1927 renounces, not only civilization, but also culture, and fancies that pleasing transports of emotion can take the place of solid knowledge; or if free from such fanaticism, he often becomes no more than a good fellow laughing and joking with his comrades. I believe, nevertheless, that the moral and intellectual élite of Germany during the years immediately ahead will include among its members a goodly number of recruits from the young collarless, cravatless boys who sought so strenuously just after the Armistice to rediscover the higher joys of life.

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THE CRUCIFIXION[1]

BY ÉDOUARD DUJARDIN, OF THE SORBONNE

[THE author, who has written several books on early Christian history, has in preparation a work entitled *Le Mystère du dieu mort et ressuscité: Histoire du dieu Jésus*, of which the article that follows is apparently a summarized fragment.]

SCHOLARS who have studied the history of Jesus have been divided up to the present into two schools — those who believe that the Crucifixion was an actual sentence inflicted upon Jesus by the Roman procurator Pontius Pilate, and those who believe that it is a myth. A study of other mystery religions contemporary with the beginning of Christianity leads us to suggest a third hypothesis — that the Crucifixion, whilean historical fact, was not the infliction of a court sentence, but was the accomplishment of an antique sacrificial rite derived from a very ancient Palestinian religion which recognized Jesus as its deity and which, after lying latent for centuries in the shade of Judaism, suddenly revived during the first century of our era.

This hypothesis assumes, as do most scholars to-day, that Christianity revealed itself to the Græco-Roman world less as a regenerative social and spiritual movement than as a doctrine of redemption based upon the expiatory sacrifice represented by the death of Jesus. M. Alfred Loisy says: 'What conquered the Græco-Roman world was the mystery of salvation founded upon the death of Jesus conceived as the Redeemer.' M. Maurice Goguel expresses the same view: 'The outstanding feature of apostolical Christianity was the doctrine of redemption by the death of Christ.' M. Charles Guignebert, Director of Christian Studies at the Sorbonne, expresses himself to the same effect. Most Bible critics, and in fact substantially all Roman Catholic and Protestant Biblical scholars from the most orthodox to the most liberal, agree in this opinion.

That raises the question whether this doctrine of atonement by sacrifice existed from the very birth of Christianity. Was it a part of the earliest and most primitive teaching of the original Church, or is it a later development? Rationalist critics of Christian tradition believe the Crucifixion was an ordinary judicial sentence carried out by the Jewish or Roman authorities, which was later interpreted as an expiatory sacrifice. Roman Catholic scholars declare that the Crucifixion was simultaneously a judicial execution and an expiatory sacrifice. But there is a third possible hypothesis — that the Crucifixion was actually a ritual expiatory sacrifice, which was later conceived as also the infliction of a judicial sentence.

This brings us to the question, Which of the four Gospels is the earliest? Better said, Which of the authors of the Gospels first put into writing the oral tradition of Jesus' life and death, and thereby fixed to some extent the narratives of the three others? For a long

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time the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, which is the first in the Canon, was considered the first in chronological order. Rationalist scholars to-day generally ascribe priority to the Gospel according to Saint Mark. The Gospels according to Saint Luke and Saint John are evidently later in their present form, but scholars have recently raised the question whether their narratives may not incorporate still older written records which were perhaps earlier than any which we have at present. The Gospels according to Saint Mark and according to Saint Matthew also may possibly be new versions of more ancient texts. It is hypothetically possible, moreover, that an original Gospel once existed, anterior to any that we now possess, which was subsequently lost. We see, therefore, that the problem is one of great uncertainty and difficulty.

The uncertainty extends even to the language in which the original Gospel was written. For a long time the Greek text was supposed to be a translation from the Aramaic, which was presumably the mother tongue of Jesus. The same conjecture has been made as to the Gospel according to Saint Mark. It is equally possible, as has been suggested by other scholars, that the latter is a translation into Greek of a very early Latin text, originally designed for the use of the Christians at Rome who spoke Latin — or rather the *sermo plebeius*, which was a popular form of Latin.

Regardless, however, of which was the earliest of the four Gospels, or which approaches closest to an original Gospel no longer extant, or in what language the very first of all the Gospels was written, we can say with assurance that this earliest narrative of the life of Jesus, which may indeed be essentially identical with one of the four extant Gospels, was one of the greatest masterpieces of human literature.

It was a masterpiece because it was creative as well as descriptive. We know that the materials upon which the Gospel story was probably based were a collection of the Sayings of Jesus and a collection of Evidences — that is to say, of Old Testament prophecies which Jesus was said to have fulfilled. From these two formless sources the original author constructed a drama unique in history, which his fellow Evangelists copied and developed. A moment's reflection tells us that a writer must have been blessed with the rarest gifts of creative and descriptive writing to conceive and execute such a work. . . .

Rationalist critics agree that most of the Gospel narrative of Jesus' life, suffering, and death is taken from the Evidences, from the Sayings of Jesus, and from the Confessions of Faith of the early congregations. Now let us try to picture to ourselves what these sources of the earliest Gospel were like. We can form an opinion of them, perhaps, from the Sayings of Our Lord lately discovered in Egypt, which appear to be a continuation of the earlier Sayings. They consist of a series of otherwise disconnected sentences, each preceded by the ritual expression, 'The Lord said.' The Evidences, likewise, could have been nothing more than a dry series of citations from the Hebrew prophets which Jesus had fulfilled: 'The deaf shall hear, the lame shall walk, the blind shall see,' followed by the simple abstract statement that the deaf did hear, the lame did walk, the blind did see, without further detail. They were, in substance, a mere catalogue of prophecies followed by a catalogue of fulfillments. None of these written sources possessed action, drama, the vital thrill of life. Yet there must have been something palpitant with

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life in the legend, or tradition, concerning Christ which passed from mouth to mouth throughout the Hellenic Orient.

Now in the gifted vision of the first of the Evangelists the fulfillment of each prophecy became a tremendous historical event; the utterance of each saying became a mighty human episode. Every incident becomes a picture, a recital, a drama. To the poet's eye each of these incidents occurred in a particular place at a particular time. The sea, the boat, the storm, the sky, the mountains, all the attendant scenery, unroll before his gaze. People emerge and play their parts, the crowd files past, the disciples acquire personality; and above all Jesus himself towers through the shadow of the centuries. And now comes the stroke of genius. The Christ is pictured as a man and yet He exhales the mystery of a god. He has the heart of a man, which beats so true to human reality, to human psychology, in all its infinitely delicate nuances; He has a voice so vibrant with all the subtle inflections of a great soul that only a supreme creative artist could have conceived Him. . . .

The result is a divine story — or, rather, a succession of short isolated episodes almost independent of each other, but grouped around one principal figure and possessing the impalpable quality by which men have in all times expressed their conception of divinity. And the miracle is that, unlike Homer, Ovid, Shakespeare, and other great creative geniuses of secular art and literature, this author obviously possessed little culture or education. His meagre vocabulary and simple syntax prove this. But those handicaps do not detract in any respect from the greatness of his genius.

One feature of the Gospel texts suggests that even the earliest of those we now possess is a translation. They lack the forceful, pregnant words, the striking turns of speech, that characterize great writers, and that abound in the Epistles of Saint Paul, although these are even simpler in composition and scantier in vocabulary. But, beneath the simplicity of the Gospels, what lucidity! No stream of language ever flowed more limpid or bore a greater burden of mystery. And the climax of this great masterpiece is the account of the Crucifixion.

The Last Supper, the night on Mount Olivet, the arrest, the appearance before the two tribunals, — the Jewish and the Roman, — the mob, the condemnation, the flagellation, the ascent to Calvary, the Crucifixion, the death, the sepulchre, the Resurrection! Religious historians are apt to overlook the extent to which power of expression, formal literary excellence, may contribute to the propagation of a doctrine. That has nothing to do with its historical authenticity. One of our great contemporary poets said to me not long ago that the personality of Jesus as revealed in the Gospels was so compelling that he must believe him an historical character. I replied that since the earliest of the Gospels was written almost fifty years after the Crucifixion, at a point then several weeks' journey away from Palestine, and after one of the greatest political upheavals recorded in history, it was inconceivable that the thousand delicate details that give verisimilitude to our conception of Jesus as a person could have been preserved undistorted until that time. We must remember that a personality can never be portrayed truly by broad strokes alone, but only by innumerable subtle shadings and nuances that no memory could retain for fifty years. I also pointed out that as a general proposition an historical person described by

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an incompetent writer ceases to be real and lifelike, but that a character of fiction described by a true artist becomes a living reality. . . .

While we may trust to the artistic effect of a work in judging its beauty and excellence, we cannot rely upon that effect to confirm its historical accuracy. Now, if we disregard the emotional element of the Gospel narrative, and subject its factual contents to detailed criticism, we discover in it numerous inconsistencies and contradictions. I shall not pause to enumerate them here, further than to note that Jesus was arrested, brought before two separate tribunals, and executed in the space of a few hours, and that the Jewish court is represented as holding a night session in the very midst of a great religious festival. These are impossibilities that a person familiar with judicial procedure in Jerusalem would have recognized instantly, and they prove that the writer must have lived far away from the events and places he described. . . .

The Gospels assert, and the Church teaches, that Jesus was executed by virtue of a judicial sentence pronounced by the procurator Pilate, but that this judicial execution became a sacrifice of atonement by which He voluntarily accomplished His task of redeeming the world. The death of Jesus, then, is both a judicial execution and an expiatory sacrifice — or, rather, an expiatory sacrifice which, instead of being performed by ritual methods, was carried out under the guise of a judicial sentence. Now this interpretation transcends the sphere of history. It takes us into the field of theological doctrine. It presupposes the accomplishment of a supernatural plan. God the Father, having decided to send His Son into the world, or the Son having decided in agreement with the Father to come to the world, to expiate the sins of men, a judicial execution was the means by which, after reviewing all the forms of death possible, the two Divine Persons, evidently assisted by the third, decided to accomplish Their design. In other words, a judicial tradition and a sacrificial tradition are inseparably associated in the Evangelical account of the Crucifixion. Now what do the Epistles of Saint Paul tell us?

No story of the Crucifixion occurs in Saint Paul's Epistles. These are letters addressed by the Apostle to the early Christian churches, about the middle of the first century — that is to say, about twenty or thirty years after the Crucifixion occurred. But, although the letters were written for special occasions, they were not ordinary communications. They were intended to be read solemnly before the congregation, just as an episcopal letter might be read to-day. More than that, they were intended to be chanted, for they are rhythmic — at least in the original. But we must not conceive Saint Paul as a prelate striving to put his commands in verse — even free verse. His rhythm resembles that of all primitive inspirationalists, whether prophets or dervishes. In a poetical form that seems to flash from his subconsciousness, Saint Paul deals with questions as they arise, moved solely by his desire to give the churches he has organized the guidance that the 'Spirit' reveals to him. Our difficulty is to distinguish in the Epistles of Saint Paul what he originally wrote from what has been added subsequently. . . . In the verses which we may confidently ascribe to him he stands out as a genius scarcely inferior to the author of the earliest Gospel, but very different from him in character. The Evangelist is a bard with the soul of a dramatist. He puts everything he describes upon the stage. Saint Paul

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is neither a bard nor a dramatist. He is a mystic and a prophet. He seeks to convert his readers with all the passion of his soul. He is a poet, but a poet of action. The style of the Evangelist is limpid and simple; the style of Saint Paul is often abrupt, incoherent, almost chaotic. With the rudest pen of any early Christian author, with a style abounding in faults, with an incredible poverty of words and shocking sins of syntax, he nevertheless marshals his thoughts more powerfully and compellingly than any subsequent religious writer down to Pascal. For example, when he seeks to describe, in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians (v. 5), the spiritual grace that God grants Christians to sustain them in worldly persecution, he uses the term, 'the earnest of the Spirit,' or 'the pledge of the Spirit.' We can translate any of the Gospels as easily as we can Homer. No one has adequately translated Saint Paul.

This brings us to the question, What do these Epistles tell us of the Crucifixion. In one place Saint Paul recalls to the Galatians (iii. 1) that before their eyes 'Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you.' That picture which Saint Paul drew of the Crucifixion for this congregation would be inestimably precious if we possessed it. Unfortunately, it never was incorporated in his writings where it might have had authority equal to that of the Gospel version. In fact, we find nowhere in his Epistles more than the abstract affirmation that Jesus was crucified. The only thing a little more precise occurs in the First Epistle to the Corinthians (ii. 8) where we read that 'the princes of this world . . . crucified the Lord of glory'—a statement which needs careful study, and which, taken by itself alone, conveys little information.

No description of the Crucifixion, therefore, even the briefest, is to be found in Saint Paul's Epistles. But if they afford us no clue as to how he conceived that tragic event, it is easy enough to discover how he did not conceive it. In order to do so, however, we must guard against what I should call the harmonizing fallacy. It is a fallacy that besets all critics, rationalist or orthodox. To illustrate: We know from the Gospels that Jesus was betrayed by Judas. On the other hand, we read in Saint Paul that Christ was 'delivered' (Romans viii. 32). Now critics afflicted with the harmonizing fallacy immediately assume that this means delivered by Judas, and affirm that Saint Paul knew of the betrayal. Thus they have harmonized Saint Paul and the Gospels. Now Saint Paul never mentions Judas, and for a good reason. In the same way, when a pious priest who knows that Jesus is the son of the Virgin Mary reads in the Epistles that Jesus was born 'of a woman,' he immediately substitutes 'of a virgin,' which the Epistles never state. One good critic writes: 'Saint Paul's Epistles have for their fundamental theme Jesus of Nazareth, His life and His death.' In the first place, Saint Paul never uses the word 'Nazareth' or 'Nazarene.' As for taking for his theme the life of Jesus, the Epistles make absolutely no reference to His life, though they do refer to His death. In fact, there is remarkably little relating directly to the personality of Jesus in the Epistles. The truth is that the pious and distinguished scholar just quoted never reads an Epistle of Saint Paul without unconsciously reading into it the text of the four Gospels.

We can affirm categorically, then, that the Epistles of Saint Paul do not mention the arrest, the trial, the sentence, or any other judicial proceeding in connection with the death of

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Jesus. Not only do they fail to mention them specifically, but they do not even make a remote allusion to them. When Saint Paul speaks of the Crucifixion, he never refers to Pontius Pilate, the Romans, Caiaphas, Herod, Judas, the holy women, or any other person associated with the Crucifixion as described in the Gospels. Not only does he never speak of them by name, but he never alludes to them indirectly. Let me emphasize this, because it is a point of extreme importance. Saint Paul is addressing the Christian Church in every line of his letters. He repeatedly mentions the crucified Jesus, yet never does he refer either directly or indirectly to any one of the actors in the tragedy so poignantly portrayed in the Gospels. There is not a whisper of the intervention of the Jews or the Romans, not a detail or an allusion to the trial of Jesus before His judges. A person whose only knowledge of Christian teaching was derived from the Epistles of Saint Paul would know that Jesus had been crucified, but he would not know, or even suspect, that he had ever been accused of a crime, or arrested, or brought before one or more tribunals, or condemned to death and executed as a criminal.

Certain critics cite three passages which they infer refer to these things. Saint Paul says in Romans xv. 3 that Jesus was 'reproached.' They read into this meagre statement direct substantiating evidence that Jesus was sentenced by the Roman procurator and delivered by him to be insulted by his soldiers. But Saint Paul, in saying that Jesus was reproached, does not say by whom, and for us to supply 'by the soldiers of Pilate' is to fall hopelessly into the harmonizing error.

In his Epistles Saint Paul says several times that Jesus suffered, as in II Corinthians i. 5 and 7, Romans viii. 17, and Philippians iii. 10. This is assumed to be decisive proof that he suffered a judicial penalty. But the Greek words, *πάθημα, συμπάσχω,* which Saint Paul employs, and their derivatives, seem to refer specifically to spiritual suffering. Saint Paul never speaks of suffering in the sense of suffering as a penalty, but of suffering in the sacrificial sense employed in the sacred dramas. The third point is that Paul says in II Corinthians xiii. 4 that Jesus was crucified 'through weakness.' Jesus, then, was weak. In reality Saint Paul wishes to say that Jesus, having renounced for the time being His character as God, as is described in the famous extract from his Epistle to the Philippians, ii. 7 and 8, assumed 'the form of a servant,' and he teaches that we should humble ourselves like Him, in order to be exalted with Him.

These are the three statements that are supposed to prove that the Epistles represent Jesus as condemned to death by order of the procurator and executed by his legionaries. But the facts speak for themselves. There is no allusion in Saint Paul to a trial, a condemnation, a judicial execution. On the other hand, the Apostle's conception of the Crucifixion throughout is that of an expiatory sacrifice, although he does not specifically state that it was such, since the technical word 'propitiation (*ἱλαστήριον*)' employed in Romans iii. 25 may be taken figuratively. All critics, whether orthodox or not, are agreed that the doctrine of expiatory sacrifice is found on every page of the Epistles and inspires them throughout.

Most critics, both rationalist and orthodox, take the position that Saint Paul knew of the trial and judgment of Jesus although he never mentioned them. They reason that Saint Paul was a preacher and not a narrator. He assumed that his correspondents knew the story of Jesus, and so thought it

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unnecessary to refer to the details of his life. But even admitting this as a general argument, it hardly accounts for the utter absence of any allusion whatsoever to them. Not once in all of his Epistles, not once in all of his writings to the faithful, did Saint Paul make any passing reference or allusion, no matter how remote, to the episodes and the personages of the Gospel story. That he should have omitted to do so in many instances is plausible enough, but that he should never have done so in a single instance is extraordinary. Never a reference in Saint Paul to the arrest, to the trial, to the judgment, to the mob, to the tragic journey of the Cross, to any incident of that unforgettable and tragic drama! . . . I am convinced that if Saint Paul had known the tragedy of the Passion we should find some evidence of it in his writings.

In our twentieth century it is difficult for us to reconstruct in our imaginations the barbarity of punishment by crucifixion. It was one of the most torturing punishments both physically and morally that the cruelty of man has invented. Therefore it is incredible that a Christian who was living at the time that Jesus suffered that punishment, and who, although he did not see it personally, would have known of it from the mouths of eyewitnesses, should never have let an expression of horror at that fearful event escape his pen. When we reflect upon the almost physical agony that this dreadful drama, as related by the Evangelists, has caused the faithful for centuries, it seems marvelous indeed that an exalted mystic like Saint Paul should never have made a single reference to that suffering in any of his Epistles.

It may seem to the reader that we are going to a great deal of trouble to show that a thing that is absent from the Apostle's writing was also absent from his mind. But the burden of proof is on the other side. It is easy to show, moreover, that the trial and sentence and legal execution of Jesus are passed over without mention, not only in Saint Paul's Epistles, but also in most early Christian writings, except of course the Gospels and a part — only a part — of the Acts. The silence of Revelation is as significant almost as that of the Epistles of Saint Paul. A vague allusion, apparently, to a penal punishment does appear in the Epistle to the Hebrews (xii. 2). On the whole, however, the evidence is remarkably strong that the tradition of a legal execution was far from being generally accepted at the time the earliest of the Gospels was written.

So we have in the first Christian writings two accounts of the death of Jesus. One represents it as a judicial execution, the other as a sacrifice of atonement. Both conceptions occur in the Gospels; the latter is the only one to be found in the Epistles of Saint Paul.

We might argue from this that since Saint Paul's Epistles were written a quarter of a century before the Gospels they represent the earlier tradition. But it can be fairly objected to this that because a document was written earlier it does not necessarily contain the earliest version of the facts. That is a question upon which men may agree to disagree. It is sufficient to show that the idea of a judicial execution is not only absent, but unknown, in Saint Paul's Epistles, and that the sacrificial doctrine is carried over into the Gospels along with the idea of a judicial execution, to infer that the original conception of the Crucifixion was of a ritual sacrifice, which was subsequently transformed into the idea of a judicial execution possessing the merits of a sacrifice.

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There is nothing in this theory that need scandalize or surprise the lay reader. It accords with all the conditions of religious origins. The Church's declarations of faith and dogmatic definitions are symbolical forms in which sociological truths are clothed in their own time and place. Fraud and deception are unimaginable in the genesis of great revolutionary movements such as accompany the birth of a new religion. The famous formula, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, is the magnificent postulate which the Church uses to affirm the authority of her dogmas. But it is a political and not a religious formula. Historically it is not a fact. The truths of faith are not static; they are dynamic. They are not fixed and rigid; they are ever changing. That is true of the whole life cycle of a religion. It is particularly true of the infancy of a religion. This explains the incessant process of trial and error exemplified in the evolution of Christian doctrine during the first century or more of our era. Trial and error — that is, accommodation to spiritual environment.

We must not imagine for a moment, however, that the writer of any of the sacred Books deliberately falsified or modified his message. We must remember that the writers of those books were not critical historians, like those who eighteen centuries later study their texts. They were the very opposite of critics; they were men filled with living faith. Deliberate falsification does not enter into the founding of a great religion. Even when a writer or compiler or copyist adds to, subtracts from, or modifies his text, he cannot be charged with falsifying. Such falsification is impossible — in the first place, because the processes of faith do not obey the same law as the processes of reason, and, in the second place, because deliberate falsification never has more than ephemeral success. Fraud begins when politics come into play. A religion is never born, and never spreads, unless it springs from the profundities.

Transpositions take place so slowly, so deliberately, that they are not perceptible to the contemporary mind. By the time the writer takes up the pen they have become accepted doctrine, a new expression of the collective soul. Someone well said long ago that a sacred book testifies, not to the incidents which it records, but to the spirit of the age which gave it birth.

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JOHN PAUL JONES[1]

BY BLAISE CENDRARS

My novel, *John Paul Jones, or Ambition*, I took with me while traveling; but I took it to work on, and not to read.

I wrote the book during a trip to Brazil. I wrote it in the forest, by the sea, in a city, on board trains and steamboats, and among East European immigrants, especially Germans, who have come to take the place of negroes in this great country that is gradually being built up to the north and west, where ground is being cleared for coffee and rubber plantations, and where there is room for a hundred million more people. I wrote it while listening to the discussions of planters who were following land values, reading foreign exchange figures, and taking notes on prospectors' reports. I wrote it in the midst of all kinds of living things that seemed to move within me too, since I was always keeping an eye open for business and opportunities to make money, holding conferences and discussions, distributing automobiles, railway equipment, airplanes, books, Paris pearls and dresses, and collecting everything that had to do with negro folk lore and the traditions of South American Indians.

In other words, if I did not often frequent the archives, I had only to transcribe what I saw around me to place John Paul Jones in his real historical background. A touch here and there, and I had written a living book.

If I did not often frequent the archives, I am under no illusions concerning the documents, which have chiefly been proved a marvelous source of error and discussion.

I like theories and men, but I do not like their prejudices. How I maltreat anyone who irritates or pesters me! For I have n't much time to lose, and I don't care much for theories that turn into dogmas and promptly go sour and die.

I do not like peace of soul. I reserve myself the right to wake everything up.

I never forget that the past is above all else a moving thing, just like the present, and that everything that has lived still lives, changing, altering, moving, transforming itself, and that truth contradicts itself a hundred times a day — like the good joke it is.

Scholars, savants, specialists, and above all cloistered historians, should dress up their brains as women deck their bodies, and follow the styles of whatever year they are describing. They should shorten here, draw in there, open a little in front and show a trifle more skin. How many pairs of brain lobes are as well turned out as two lovely breasts?

But no. They barricade themselves in their archives, hide behind documents, twist themselves up in texts, though anyone with eyes in his head can discern between the lines their flat-nosed hypocritical faces, their profiles like moral cockroaches, and their bodies like larvæ.

Since they infallibly stick out like this between the lines, since they nib-

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ble away texts and devour whole documents like some kind of archive rat or worm, why should n't I appear in all my glory, playful and gay, document in hand? And why reproach me if I put Historic Truth to a few strains?

I shall always defend Life.

And History is nothing but Life.

And the only Truth is Life.

What is Historic Truth?

What is a Document?

An invariably tendentious or artistic interpretation.

A springboard.

To leap from.

Into reality and life.

To the heart of the subject.

For the Historian, too, is above all else a man, and even the most cold and objective historian is always commenting.

Don't talk to me about scientific serenity.

The Historian, even when he describes events that occurred more than ten thousand years ago, takes sides, gets excited, criticizes, blames, praises, affirms, invents, emphasizes, makes himself insupportable or ridiculous — and the reason is that he thinks he is the only possessor of Truth, that virgin parchment on which he is either revealed wearing a false nose, or which he destroys as a clown dives through a paper-covered hoop, making himself appear absurd, screwing up his face, and rolling in the sawdust. (The cleverest rebound again into the air, mounted on their great Dada — History.)

Don't talk to me about scientific serenity.

There are rival schools of method, and a thousand possible interpretations of a single text, all of which depend on the intellectual capacities, the doctrines, commentaries, national and class traditions, contemporary prejudices, and current political events that influence the writer. And then there is life itself — your own life, and the life that rises from the dust of the archives and mounts to your head, making you lose your fine scientific serenity. Furthermore, there are the lives of millions upon millions of individuals and thousands upon thousands of human generations that have lived in error and contradiction and that make you lose your footing with their poems, loves, battles, and sublime civilizations whenever you bend over your pile of old papers, whenever you exclaim at the miraculous discovery of this thin piece of paper and this pale handwriting — the sole witnesses of so much fighting, ambition, and pride. And you consider how everything might have been destroyed, materially, the very instant you opened that door, and you reflect that all is vanity, a breath of air, and that you are living to-day in contradiction and error still.

Historic Truth is the point of view of Sirius. Nothing whatever can be distinguished from that height. One must descend, draw near, make a big plan. See. See at close range. Bend over. Touch with your finger. Discover the human element.

Historic Truth is death.

An abstraction.

The fruit of pedagogy.

The history of John Paul Jones is enough proof for me.

The archives of Washington, Paris, London, and St. Petersburg are full of the papers of John Paul Jones. His diaries, logs, commissions, correspondence, reports, justifications, and reclamations have been handed down to us. His official and private correspondence, duplicates and copies of his innumerable letters, are in the libraries of Harvard, Boston University, and the University of Pennsylvania, and in the New York and Philadelphia public libraries. They can also be found in

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many private collections and among certain family papers, including those of the Empress Catherine II, which Frank A. Golder of Stanford University was authorized by the Soviet Government to make public last year. There are others in the possession of the Duchess of Chartres, which I have been able to consult, though they are still unedited. But in spite of all these documents, in spite of all contemporary anecdotes and the recollections and memories of his contemporaries, from Diderot and Grimm to the Prince de Ligne and the Count de Ségur, in spite of the correspondence of twenty ambassadors about him, in spite of a century of historical research, in spite of ten biographies and numerous novels that depict him as an adventurer or a legendary hero, in spite of Byron, who damned him, and in spite of the vows of eternal friendship made by men of such established integrity as the founders of American independence — Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel and John Adams — and a certificate of citizenship delivered to him by George Washington, there has never been a man so totally misunderstood, a hero so ignored by history, a policy so wrongly interpreted, a valiant soldier so regularly betrayed by his brothers in arms, a patriot so long belittled by his compatriots, a great man so basely calumniated.

The reason is that his life was a mysterious adventure, and that John Paul Jones himself, for all his declarations and writings, remains marvelously concealed.

'I shall do nothing to court Glory, but I shall never miss an occasion for serving her,' he used to say.

He followed this splendid line of conduct under all circumstances, and it led him midway between the two poles of ambition and contempt — a line of conduct that always disconcerts people.

He has been made into a hero, a coward, a traitor, a patriot, a humanitarian, a free citizen of the world, and a champion of liberty. He has been accused of murder, cruelty, and violence. He has been attacked as a brute, a fighter, and a drunkard. He has been painted as an elegant, refined seducer. In his own country, England, his name was used to frighten little children, while on the Continent young English ladies murmured it almost dying with love. The most terrible stories were told about him, as well as legends of pure romance. Thousands of highly colored prints show him to us black with tar or red with blood, up to his knees in water, standing on the deck of his sinking ship in the moonlight, or else boarding another boat, his knife between his teeth, surrounded by flame and cannon smoke, and all the ships dancing on a rough sea strewn with corpses. In delicate miniatures he appears all dressed up, his hair curled and powdered, rouge on his lips, the very picture of studied elegance. His most enthusiastic admirers once looked down on him because of his peasant ancestry, but praised him to the skies when they had reason to believe that he was the illegitimate son of a prince. In France, Louis XVI decorated him with the order of the Mérite Militaire and of Sacré Chevalier. He was also presented with a gold sword bearing this inscription: 'Vindicati Maris Ludovicus XVI Remunerator Strenuo Vindicati.' People went to war on his account. First he was suspected by his adopted country; then Congress had a medal struck in his honor. When they tried to make him a party man, he rushed away to serve the Empress Catherine of Russia. He became the victim of the most ferocious jealousy on the part of Prince Potemkin and Prince Charles of Nassau-Siegen, and he inspired one woman with a lifelong

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tender passion. Though people believed him to be a millionaire, he died in poverty. For a hundred and ten years his mortal remains lay forgotten under a Parisian scullery, after having been saluted in the name of the human race by a delegation from the National Convention.

I like this lack of agreement among his contemporaries, these contradictory popular opinions, and one man the cause of it all. I like the inability of historians and specialists to invest this figure of theirs, later in the day, with a strong individuality. I admire the way they balance and select, the way they juggle and pulverize certain embarrassing documents that run counter to their theories. It is especially rich when they are dealing with a national hero like this one, a man who must be reduced to scale, to the conventional scale of moral scholarship — since a statue finally was put up in his honor, in 1906. It proves completely that the scholars and savants, just like the men who made the popular prints and wrote the swashbuckling novels, showed themselves incapable of disengaging the human from the superhuman, and revealed themselves impotent faced with the man himself and life.

Down with pedagogues.

A life in itself proves nothing.

One must love life.

A point, that's all.

I love life.

I love man.

I love that man, John Paul Jones, who is presented to us in Houdon's bust as an American of to-day, sane, simple, direct, a self-made man, sympathetic, astounding, a type that I have often met, a type that always smiles.

I love his life.

I love life, and its cruel, bloody ironies.

At bottom John Paul Jones was a solitary man who could not quit the society of his fellows, a contemplative person hurled in the mêlée of existence, a terrible man of action who was almost always prevented from acting, who champed at his bit, struggled against social conventions, court intrigues, and the prejudices of his time. His morbid sense of justice thwarted his success, in spite of all his heroism and skill, his lofty political views, and his great personal charm.

Before making an example of him, building statues in his honor, setting him up in his country's Pantheon among the Illustrious Men of his Nation, and before making him a member of the great family of epitaphed mummies, let us remember that he was first and foremost a human being, a living, breathing person with heart, lungs, five senses, brains, reflexes, and a thousand fleeting impressions of timidity, ignorance, impotence, and fear. It is this aspect of him that I want to touch with my finger; and this also explains why I have called my book a novel — for it does not contain so much of John Paul Jones's official biography as it does of my own biography, lent to an historical character.

I have not been able to hit upon any other formula to use in recounting a man's life, his contradictions, his greatness, his failings, his disappointments, his fights, the conflicting influences of his destiny, the concatenations of luck or fatality, his love affairs, his travels and adventures, his triumphs, illnesses, exploits, the thousand different paths he followed, his solitude, audacity, hesitations, joys and sorrows — his passion, in a word. And I could find no other formula, because one can relate no other life than one's own.

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PARIS BY NIGHT[1]

BY PAUL BLOCK

THERE are many ways of getting to know Paris at night. The best thing a young man can do is to set forth alone on a voyage of discovery — he will not be alone long. His eyes will soon be opened and his pockets emptied. He must look sharp, and he must forget whatever he has read about Paris and the Parisians. If he is the kind of person who is full of zest and the joy of living, he will presently find himself a man about town; but if he is shy and feeble, he will sit forever in front of his café, sipping an apéritif, his eyes popping out of his head, before he quietly glides into the gutter — in which case, Heaven protect him. The night is to the strong.

But if you are a white-haired man, no longer young, recalling past follies yet desirous of contemplating them once more, you will do well to decide — as this old fellow did — to disguise yourself as an American shoe manufacturer, or something equally worthy from abroad, and set forth to visit Paris by night in a tourists' omnibus. To be sure, it is only a sip of the wine of joy; but it is an instructive and heart-quickening experience, especially if you happen to be sitting near six pretty girls who want to be told about everything they see.

'*Attention!*' shouts the guide in seven languages. 'We are now coming to a dark street through which we shall pass quickly, because only crime and love live here.'

'Do they live together?' asked blonde-haired Ethel of dark-haired Joan behind me. 'And why do we have to go so fast?'

A white-haired man like myself has at his finger tips plenty of fine moral and lyrical items to which he can give a practical application, but I reflect that an old admonishing uncle is never more ridiculous than at night. Besides, the dark-haired Joan is an American girl and speaks only English. It is a beautiful language, but you must be able to speak it, and I suddenly found that I was not so smart as I had imagined. Shame on me, after spending so much money learning languages!

But, great heavens, we have hardly gone any distance at all, and here we are thinking about love and crime already. An ironical laughing moon and a veritable Rue de la Paix of glittering stars look down on this lovely Parisian night, which awakens memories of years gone by and upsets your sense of time so completely that when you try to relate your experiences the next morning you can only tell certain episodes, having lost all sense of the order in which they occurred. Actually, our night ride did not open with love and crime, but began on the brightly lighted Boulevard des Italiens.

Five elegant buses, each filled to the brim with fifty people. People from all parts of the earth — people of every occupation, dressed in every color. In my bus a real government minister sits next to an equally real negro dancer. A lady with highbrow spec-

[1] From the *Berliner Tageblatt* (Berlin Liberal daily), *July 7*

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tacles is chaperoning half a dozen girls, and asks the guide in English if they will see anything improper.

'Move away a minute, please, Joan. You don't need to hear what I am asking, Ethel. . . . So there is really nothing vulgar — no improper songs, no indecent pictures?'

The guide replies — in English, of course — that this is a family expedition, and that the trip for the rough trade does not begin until after midnight.

'Do you mean to say we have to wait till midnight?' asks an indignant Spaniard wearing a sombrero and speaking his native tongue.

'Don't worry, there will be something for you too,' whispers the guide in the same language. Whereupon the Spaniard wants to sit next to the pretty girls. But the lady with the highbrow glasses has more faith in me, because I am a white-haired man with honest eyes. I am therefore placed next to Joan and Ethel, and the guide grins.

The guide is dressed like a lieutenant of traffic police. He wears a white tunic with gold buttons, and an official cap. He is a Greek, all things to all men, but clever and amusing.

'For the first five minutes you find yourselves on the Boulevard des Italiens,' he says. 'This is a great pleasure to you — and to the others.'

The 'others' consist of a crowd of merchants trying to sell their wares to the noble foreigners in the tourists' bus. A bit of the Orient! Arabian carpet-sellers, Koreans with pearl necklaces, negroes with unseemly postcards — everything that we millionaires could ask to make our Parisian night perfect. And how the pretty girls walking past make eyes at us men! There is an old hand — the Berlin banker. Perfectly dressed, with yellow gloves and a monocle. In Berlin he makes money; in Paris they take it away from him. Well may he laugh. He knows all the best dives — King Edward's famous old stamping ground near the Banque de France, the Chinese joint back of the Madeleine, the little door to the cocaine bar on the Grands Boulevards, the Ceylonese dancing establishment, and many other resorts not listed in the guidebooks. Great amusement, Mr. Business Man; but it is not for us. We are solid folk. And besides, our journey is continuing.

Our horn blows, the guide shouts the word of command, and we are off. To do Paris right you start at the Madeleine and follow the length of the sinful boulevards full speed ahead, past dazzling dancing lights, past glittering movie houses and crowded café terraces. Tooting, screeching, whistling, we dash down quieter, darker streets, just as full of people but not so hysterical, and pass the Place de la République, the Boulevard Beaumarchais, and the Place de la Bastille.

'Where is the Bastille?' asks Miss Ethel; which brings forth an historical — not an hysterical — screech from the lady with the glasses. The guide has wisely stopped speaking. 'I can only tell you what I have read, ladies and gentlemen, and you know all these things much better.' He points to the white stones of the Place and calls attention to the announcement, '*Ici on danse*,' which he renders excitedly in seven languages. But he has not got the imagination to see the blood oozing up from the ground between the stones, the blood in which this square was once drenched. Precious blood, incomparable blood, the blood of freedom.

'Now we turn to the right, across the Seine,' shouts the guide. 'We are crossing to the left bank, to the dark quarters where love and crime dwell.' What dark-haired Joan started to say

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to light-haired Ethel was at this point interrupted by shy silence. The glistening river flows past Boulevard Henri IV, the Île St. Louis rises from the water like a picture by Doré, and further away Notre Dame reflects shafts of silvery moonlight. Meanwhile our huge modern conveyance flashes through the dark quarter behind the Quai St. Bernard, down narrow smelly streets, past houses of every description through whose windows you can see the family seated around the table, past sombre old palaces of aristocrats now transformed into offices. People watch the brightly lit bus from dark alleys and hidden doorways. When our headlights focus on a pair of lovers, they pay no attention, but turn their backs to us and go on kissing each other.

This is a different Paris from the one on the right bank. People from the world of jazz make expeditions to this world of lost romance. Is it still the twentieth century? A kerosene lamp burns in that little store there. In a cellar a woman bakes little cakes that she will sell in the Neuilly market to-morrow, while near her sits a half-naked man smoking his pipe. An old-fashioned waltz is being played in the distance on an old-fashioned piano, and from a street corner a group of dark figures whistle at the foreigners, urging them to get their new-fangled vehicle out of here. Our caravan turns right, then left, bounces over a big stone, splashes through a mud puddle, and stops in a narrow street.

'We now enter the underworld,' announces our guide.

The underworld of Paris consists of the catacombs; but very few foreigners go there nowadays. The entrance is far from the pleasure centre of the city, — it is out by the stone lions of Belfort, — and Paris offers so many sights on the surface that people do not generally care about visiting her underground, especially since the guidebooks advise one to wear old clothes on these expeditions. But being distinguished travelers, we have our private catacombs, and we do not have to put on an outlandish costume. We have paid enough to deserve a luxurious thrill. While our guide leads us down a narrow street and across a dim courtyard, he explains that some old stone quarries extend under the entire left bank of Paris from the Jardin des Plantes to Montsouris, that there are seventy entrances to this Hades, only a few of which are open to the public, and that his tourist agency has rented a whole section of this underground district, which we can walk through only with him.

But — 'you must watch your step, the stairways are narrow and slippery, there is only wet rope to hold on to, and we must all stick together so that no one may get lost in this dark labyrinth.' Stick close together — that's the chief thing. The pretty girls cling anxiously to the lady with the highbrow glasses and to their male neighbor, while the excitable sombrero confides in Spanish to Miss Joan, 'Count on me,' and the blonde girl whispers in the white-haired uncle's ear, 'Are there rats, too?'

We soon find ourselves standing in a dimly lighted cellar before a huge iron door, on which the guide knocks three times, as if he were in a mystery story. The door flies open and reveals a narrow passage lit in red, out of which a mediæval halberdier carrying a lantern slowly climbs. The romantic underworld has modern fittings. Panoramas have been constructed in the dark grottoes depicting robbers imprisoned behind iron bars. The common people do not damage this romantic equipment, which they know

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has been especially laid out for the tourist trade. The bones in the Cemetery of the Innocents lie under the Avenue de Montsouris a kilometre away, but we do not see them — though we do encounter many relics, hundreds of years old, as we grope and stumble along. There is the dark hole of the Speaking Well, where children were thrown when Black Mass was celebrated, and where refugees hid during all the Paris revolutions. Near at hand here must be the entrance to the robbers' cave that we have heard of in legends — a cave equipped with all the comforts of life, where fine ladies from Court would share their loot with knights of the road. He who knows his Old Paris can unfold a tale on this subject. And it is very fine to make the young ladies nervous and then to reassure them as we penetrate further into the darkness.

Suddenly a cry. The lady with the glasses has turned a pocket flashlight on all of us and announced that her two little charges are lost. 'Joan! Miss Ethel!' Naturally they have disappeared together. We wait anxiously, wondering what will happen if they cannot find us. But the fellow with the lantern is used to such mishaps. '*Minute*,' he cries, dives down a side passage, and soon returns with the two lost ones, in whose company the Spaniard and the negro dancer are also discovered. Everything has now been set to rights, — in so far as things can be controlled at all,—and it would seem that nothing had gone amiss. The guide says to the Spaniard laughingly, 'So you were lost too?' and we all climb happily out on the street and prepare ourselves for fresh adventures.

We resume our places in our elegant autobus. The people in the houses we pass, awakened from their slumbers, lean out the windows and make insulting remarks that we naturally do not understand, because we are from America, or Africa, or the interior of India. Ethel and Joan whisper together, and I respectfully ask them if they found any rats. The guide goes on explaining in a monotonous voice: 'We have been in the cellars; now we will climb to the roof. But first we must take a ride, and then walk a little.'

The chauffeur, having noticed that I am a German, blows the horn in my honor, *Tatoo-tata*, and the guide informs me in German that it is the Kaiser's special blast, thinking that he will please me, the fool. We roll on through the dark streets of Paris. I become convinced that no one can know Paris if he has only seen it by day. Paris has a thousand faces, and one of her most beautiful faces she shows us veiled by night. Now the incessant screeching has died out, and round us lies nothing but darkness. A white minaret rises through the clouds, a fantastic bit of the Orient — it is the mosque. Surrounded by dark houses, the recently excavated Arènes de Lutèce stretch out in the moonlight — they are the ruins of the old amphitheatre. A giant dome — the Panthéon. A sleeping park — the Luxembourg Gardens. Flashing lights and youthful laughter — the Boulevard St. Michel, the students' boulevard, lined with bars. And now as we skirt the banks of the Seine the guide pours out all the history and anecdote he can think of, until the Minister shouts out from somewhere behind, 'Now keep still, Monsieur; from the Place de la Concorde on we know the way.'

For we have already passed the Place de la Concorde again, and with a mighty turn have swung up the Boulevard des Champs Élysées, which glitters like an outstretched double necklace. At the Arc de Triomphe we turn to the right up the noisy Avenue

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Wagram, pass the Parc Monceau, and finally arrive in Montmartre. We have been here before, too, and seen the wings of the red mill on the Moulin Rouge. But this is the painted Paris, and we continue on our way. People do not come here to enjoy themselves until after midnight, and we want to go higher.

The street winds up toward the Sacré Cœur. As we go along we snatch a glimpse of the social life — a political rally in a schoolhouse. The windows are wide open, the hall is big and dusty, people are climbing all over each other on the rear benches, more have assembled around the door, a dozen policemen cluster on the sidewalk, and from the darkness within we hear a cry of '*A bas la guerre!*'

At last, as our nerves seem about to give way and we start eyeing one another suspiciously, the consummation, the apotheosis, of the evening arrives — the view of Paris by moonlight. We are high above it all. Girls slink down the streets around the white church, a cry of laughter rings out of a darkened house, but below us, at our feet, sleeps the old city, bright and still, the home of eternal youth. The six girls behind me giggle. They do not yet know what youth means.

'Now as a finale we will visit the artistic bars of Montmartre,' cries the guide. 'Ladies and gentlemen, now for some fun.'

And it really is great fun in the Grenier de la Butte. We superior foreigners from a superior motor bus sit on wooden benches, drink orangeade, and listen to the costumed Bohemia of to-day sing its songs. A tenor is here who reduces Joan and Ethel to tears. A dancer beats her castanets together. Real Montmartre life! And before the closing number the director, his socks falling down and a red handkerchief around his neck, shouts, '*Messieurs, mesdames — un cri d'amour!*' We cheer with all our might — even the lady with the highbrow glasses, who perhaps remembers her own youth, and who appears to have forgotten her anxiety about Joan and Ethel for the moment.

Yes, it is splendid to yell — especially if you remember having visited the Chat Noir twenty-five years ago. But the Parisian night is not over yet — for the lucky ones it has only just begun. The girls rejoice; the Minister generates an atmosphere of virtue that is somewhat mitigated by the presence of the negro dancer, who leaps to his feet and suddenly begins to do the Charleston in the middle of the floor — the fellow is paid by the company, and only travels with us to give the effect of a *noble étranger*. Meanwhile the guide stands at the door dispensing good advice.

The bus goes home. An unappeased couple and an old fool with white hair linger for a while at the window, looking out dreamily on the Paris night. Far away a whistle blows. We are no longer there.

'*Un cri d'amour*,' says the fat singer. But this time her voice is low.

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BRUTALITY AND THE PRIZE RING[1]

BY ROBERT LYND ('Y. Y.')

It is easy enough to see why many people should dislike prize fighting as it is at present carried on. Prize fighting has become professionalized and commercialized to such a degree that its proper place seems to be in the music halls rather than among the sports. The rewards paid to prize fighters, both in fame and in money, are ludicrously out of proportion to any service they render the community. Great cricketers and footballers frequently become professionals, and make a living out of playing games; but they are content with moderate rewards, like poets and clergymen. Cricket remains a game — a game that deceives us into the feeling that it is played for pleasure, not for profit — in spite of its having been professionalized. There is no haggling over huge purses before championship matches can be arranged.

Perhaps it is absurd to object to one kind of sportsman being able to make more money than another; but, at the same time, it is a sound instinct that dislikes seeing money playing a predominant part in sport. We like to see a holiday spirit maintained in games, and we do not like to see them made the preserve of those who have far more money than ourselves. Possibly our objection to professional boxing is fundamentally an objection to the prices charged for admission. It is, we realize, of as little use to criticize professionalism at this time of day as it would be to criticize an eclipse of the sun; but we resent its triumphant spread. We should like to see more people boxing and fewer people making money out of it.

To dislike some of the concomitants of a modern prize fight, however, is one thing; to denounce prize fighting as though it were a savage and bestial orgy is another. There has been an extraordinary outpouring of violent and vituperative speech over the fight that took place the other day between Walker and Milligan — speech scarcely less sanguinary than the fight itself. Sir Hall Caine led the chorus with a denunciation of the fight as a 'debauch of brutality.' Sir James Crichton-Browne followed with an onslaught on the audience as 'vultures at their carrion,' and declared that, when he read the report of the fight, he exclaimed to his wife: 'Oh, for a Carlyle, fearless and arresting, to denounce with righteous indignation this sanguinary iniquity!' The fight, he said, had been 'pushed to the verge of homicide,' and he called sarcastically for the institution of a new kind of fighting between electric lay figures with arrangements for periodical spurts of blood from the figures 'so as to give *vraisemblance* to the scene.' Another writer, who was apparently not present at the fight, declared that 'a Spanish bullfight would have been sweet in comparison.' A lady called it 'hideous.' Another said it was 'a terrible reflection on our much-vaunted civilization and professed Christianity' that 'our so-

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *July* 9

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called Christian leaders and humanitarians' had made no protest against the fight. In vain did a sportsman on the other side cry out that these attacks on boxing were 'insulting' to the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family, since 'the Prince of Wales is himself a fine boxer, and on more than one occasion has honored a championship contest with his presence.' The critics of the fight saw red, and were far beyond the reach of such reasonable arguments.

Probably it was the blood that did it. There is something peculiarly horrible in the sight of blood. There have been people who fainted on seeing it flow from a cut finger. I myself, I confess, shrink from the sight of blood. If I were present at a fight, and blood began to flow, I should cease to enjoy the fighting. It is very unpleasant to see a man daubing his opponent with red stains all over his body with a glove that has been drenched by a bleeding nose. If you did not know that nobody was seriously hurt, you would imagine that you were witnessing some heathen and homicidal orgy. If you were honest with yourself, however, you would realize that it was not the brutality of the scene, but the blood, that had shocked you. To the boxer the loss of blood as a rule means nothing. He does not remember it among the dark and painful episodes of his career. It is only a minor discomfort, and probably hurts some of the spectators far more than it hurts the boxer.

The bloodshed that took place at the Walker-Milligan fight was, it must be admitted, a more serious matter than a bleeding nose. With his last terrific blow Walker split Milligan's lip in such a fashion that, when Milligan fell and rolled over, blood seemed to be gushing from his mouth in torrents, and some who were present were afraid that he had received a mortal injury. The scene was undoubtedly one that would have horrified most of us, and, if such scenes were common in prize fights, most of us would be reluctant to witness them. We have no more love for serious accidents in games than in the streets. No one but a Sadist could take pleasure in seeing human flesh gashed and bleeding. Yet the denunciation of the fight as a 'debauch of brutality' seems to me to rest on the assumption that the audience was largely composed of Sadists, who took a particular pleasure in seeing Milligan's lip gashed. There can surely be no brutality in being spectators of an accident which no one could have foreseen.

Boxing, no doubt, is a more primitive sport than cricket, and rouses passions nearer the passions of the brute. But if we condemn all sports in which the primitive passions are displayed, we shall find ourselves condemning, not only boxing, but Rugby football. No one can deny that Rugby football is rough. No one can deny that men constantly get hurt when playing it. I have seen games that had to be stopped three or four times while a player obviously suffering excruciating pain was rubbed and tugged back into something like normal life. A Rugby football field is a battlefield on which nobody is supposed to hurt anybody, but on which people inevitably get hurt. If you judged the game by its worst accidents, you would sign petitions to the Government to suppress it. What must Sir Hall Caine have thought when he read the description of the last international match between Ireland and Scotland — a match that was played in the mud during an icy blizzard, and, what with the rigor of the game and the rigor of the weather, resulted in two players being carried unconscious off the field and, if I remember right, in the swooning of the

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referee? Compared to such a game, an ordinary prize fight would seem like a Sunday-school entertainment. And the truth is, Rugby football cannot be defended except on the assumption that it is good for young men within limits to treat one another violently and to take part in contests of strength and skill that tax human endurance to the utmost.

There may be moral heights from which all contests for supremacy seem odious, but we do not live on them. We match team against team, man against man, horse against horse, and dog against dog, and we rejoice in the beauty of the strength and skill that triumph in the contest. It would, no doubt, be better for the race if we could devote ourselves entirely to intellectual and spiritual pursuits, but that for most of us is not the alternative to strenuous pastimes. If boys and young men give up Rugby football, it will scarcely be in order to study *Hours with the Mystics* or to lead the lives of holy hermits. Games are the alternative, not to a better kind of employment, but to a worse kind of idleness. They are among the most innocent means of enjoying life and of making it dramatic. It is true that the contest of Hamlet with destiny affords us infinitely richer pleasure than a contest between Walker and Milligan; but we cannot always be reading or seeing *Hamlet*, and we do not enjoy Shakespeare the less for admiring the power of Walker or the courage of Milligan. Moreover, if you are going to call any contest brutal, surely the contest in *Hamlet* and in *King Lear* is a bloodier affair even than a prize fight. It would be easy to attack all tragedies as 'degrading exhibitions' on the ground that the audience enjoys watching the struggles of human beings, knowing that they are doomed to end in death and pain. Everybody realizes, however, that the spectators at a tragedy enjoy, not the homicides and suicides that are so essential a part of it, but the spectacle of the spirit of man heroic even in defeat.

And I am sure that it is the splendor of the body and spirit of man that makes all the world excited about a great boxing contest. No one would pay sixpence merely in order to see one man 'punishing' another, as the phrase is, unless there were skill and courage to make the punishment given and the punishment received beautiful. One may conceivably be mistaken in thinking the muscles and frame of a boxer beautiful, but, magnificently used, they represent an ideal of strength and power that all men desire. Here is something human disciplined till it has become something almost more than human, and the race of man seems nobler when we see it. Boxing and football bring the elation of poetry — not the best poetry, but still quite tolerable poetry — into the ordinary man's life. He enjoys them with all the better conscience because he knows that they are both far less dangerous than they appear to be, and that the ordinary boxer, far from being butchered to make a spectator's holiday, runs considerably less risk of injury than a railway worker or a motorist. Boxing can no more be justly condemned because of Milligan's battering and his gashed lip than horse racing can be condemned because Humorist died as the result of his desperate effort to win the Derby. If we condemned everything in which horrifying accidents occur, we should never allow a cathedral to be built, and we should have to put an end alike to motoring, mountaineering, and flying.

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GONE BEDU[1]

BY ABU NADAAR

ALTHOUGH it was only ten o'clock of a morning toward the end of March, I had had to shut down my work for the day. I was mapping a section of that wild tangled desert between Aswan and the Red Sea, and already the heat refraction had become too extensive for me to make any more accurate observations. It was hot even in the shade of the tent porch. On either side the pinkish cliffs rose almost perpendicular and absolutely bare for three or four hundred feet. The bottom of the wadi, a long-dead watercourse, was streaked with sand and dotted with boulders. Here and there bits of thorny scrub were growing in little bunches which you could have clapped in a quart pot.

Happening to glance up as I worked on the morning's results, I saw a Bedu coming down the wadi. He headed toward my camp through the white-hot sunshine with that peculiar mile-devouring shuffle of the desert folk. He stopped momentarily at the overhanging rock where my guides and camel-men were huddled in the shade, gave and received the *salaam aleykum*, and walked straight on toward my tent.

'Good morning,' he said in an educated English voice. I gazed at him in amazement. The first thing I noticed was that his eyes were blue and that the beard on his chin was thick and gray. All the rest of him was pure Bedu. He was as dusky as most of my men, burned dark brown, shriveled, desiccated, by the sun, with shrunken cheeks and a myriad wrinkles round the eyes. The agal keeping his head-veil in place was a coil of common black camel-hair rope. His legs below the coarse once-white robe showed as just sinew and bone, and his lean bare feet were like strips of leather.

'I heard you were working over here,' he said in excellent English, but hesitating a little as if the words came unfamiliarly, 'and I've walked over from Bir Ga'ash to see if you've got a pencil and notebook you can spare me.'

Now Bir Ga'ash was ninety miles away across the hills. I wondered what on earth had brought this strange creature so far on such an errand.

'Yes, of course I have,' I answered. 'You're English, are n't you?'

'Was once,' he replied. 'Now I should say "you" if I were talking of the English, and "we" of the Bedawin.'

I wanted to know much more about my visitor, but I was at a loss how to begin.

'Well, anyway, sit down,' I said, 'and I'll get you the things.'

When I emerged again with half a dozen pencils and a couple of notebooks I found he had ignored the chair and was sitting cross-legged on the sand.

'That's very decent of you,' he said. 'I'm encouraged to ask if you'll do something for me which will give you a little more trouble.' He dived his hand into his bosom and produced an incredibly ancient, dilapidated, and greasy notebook. 'All the desert knows you're interested in birds and beasts

[1] From the *London Mercury* (literary monthly), *June*

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and things, so I thought you might help me in this. In fifteen years in this desert, I've found out several things which people will be interested to know.'

He handed me the book. It was packed from cover to cover with exquisitely neat and minute writing. As I turned over the leaves my eye caught the heading 'Xanthoprymna.'

'By Jove,' I said in surprise, 'I did n't know you got that species in these parts. Why, the people who write the books seem to know nothing about its habitat or its nesting to this day.'

'You'll find a lot about it there. There are a few botanical observations, too, which would startle some people. And oh, a whole lot of oddments. I believe I've found the bones of the flying dragons which Herodotus says he saw with his own eyes. Do you remember?' I did. 'I wondered if you could possibly find time to go through these notes and get them into shape for publication — such as have n't been anticipated in fifteen years.'

'Of course I will,' I answered warmly. 'I shall be delighted to do it. But how about the author's name? You'll have to give me that.'

'Use your own,' he replied gruffly.

'I can't do that,' I objected. 'For one thing, I've no scientific standing and there's no reason why any scientific publication should accept a contribution of mine. Nor can I give the author simply as "A Bedu." Yet even I can see there's a great deal here which is important.'

He sat for several minutes frowning at the sand.

'Who's running the *Ornithological Record* nowadays?' he asked suddenly.

'It's still J. S. Turner,' I answered.

'Ah, we knew each other pretty well in my London days,' he said, and pondered. I wondered what visions of another life were passing through the brain of this sinewy scrap of a man whose body was living the eternal ascetic rule of these unchanging deserts and whose mind was as modern as my own.

'Well, what does it matter now?' He spoke with sudden decision. 'My name's Grimble.'

'What!' I began, startled. 'The government physicist who — ' I stopped in some embarrassment, but fortunately he took me up.

'Yes,' he said, 'that Grimble. I see you know something about it.'

'I've heard the story mentioned once or twice. Or rather,' I amended, 'I've heard odd bits of it. The sort of things people say who don't know anything but a few of the facts. They're not the most important part of a story even when they're reported correctly. And anyway, it happened before my time in Egypt.' I think that even then I had a faint hope that he might give me his version.

He went on to ask me about one or two scientific men. He would not share my midday meal. He had become so used to only two meals a day, and not much of them, that a drink of water was all he would take. We fed together in the evening, and became quite friendly. I found that he always spoke in the same flat, weary voice, like a man who has attained the extreme of philosophic detachment. When he found that I appreciated the discoveries he had made in the mysteries of desert life he began to take me along with him on tremendous marches which tried even me, hard as I was, to show me some plant be believed to be new to science, or the nest of some little-known desert bird. In the evenings we smoked together outside the flap of the tent, ourselves and the men's fire minute specks of animation and light in the colossal overarching sweep of silence and darkness. He

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would never touch my tobacco. He used to fish out an old hare-skin bag of coarsely shredded stuff of his own growing. He told me that after one of the rare winter showers the moisture often stayed long enough in a hollow place in a wadi for him to raise a few plants of tobacco. In his rough pipe with its bowl of burned clay from the Hejaz and a stem made of a bird's bone it burned sweetly enough.

We had been sitting smoking silently one evening, I in the Roorkee chair and he on the ground, as he always preferred, when he looked up and said: 'You know, you must have been wondering about me although you've never said anything. I think, somehow, that you would believe what I told you; and it would be a relief to tell my version to someone who believed me after all these years.'

I murmured something sympathetic. I wanted to say I should be extraordinarily interested. He sucked at his bird's bone for a few moments, and there was not another sound in the world but the whisper of the air in our pipes. Then he began in his slow, flat voice: —

'It was really my fault for marrying Roberta. I ought to have had more sense. She was so pretty that I never stopped admiring her for long enough to consider that some stronger cement than personal attractiveness is needed to keep a marriage together. She used to rag me about my devotion to my "old physics," and I ate out of her hand and loved it. Even though I was n't much to look at and was a hopeless fool socially, she liked to have a man, whose enthusiasm for work she knew, drop it and run to her when she whistled. Quite soon after we were married we came out to Egypt. There was one man I knew on the boat, a fellow named Norton, who had been at school with me. We'd never had much in common. He was the successful, sporting type of boy, and he had grown into a somewhat decorative subaltern of a cavalry regiment.

'When we got settled down in a bungalow near Cairo we used to see a good bit of Norton. He'd ride over for tea and stay on for the evening. Once or twice he came on short trips into the desert with me. He was n't in the least interested in the data I was trying to collect, but like so many men of his type he was very anxious to kill things with a gun, and he would tramp miles and sweat for days on the chance of shooting up a wretched rock partridge or sand grouse. He was n't much use in the desert. I always did what little cooking there was. Still, it was better to have another man along. My custom was, when I had reached the camping ground, to send the Bedawin camelmen away with orders to return for the kit on the morning I had planned to travel back to the Nile Valley. Roberta never accompanied me on these expeditions. She said the desert bored her. I think that really its vast emptiness belittled her so intolerably that she hated and feared it.

'We had been rubbing along all right for about a year when I began to notice something was wrong. I was still passionately in love with my wife; she was becoming increasingly cold and indifferent to me. I see now that there never had been any real sympathy between us, and that the counterfeit emotion of the first days of our marriage had worn threadbare. At that time I was very keen on a line of investigation I was pursuing, and often used to go back to the laboratory in the evening, especially when Norton was at the house to keep Roberta company. At first she was angry at my absences. She had ceased to rag me about my "old physics." She told

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me that she hated my futile peering and poring in the laboratory. Then she ceased to be annoyed when I went out. Of course I was a blind fool. For one thing, I was asking too much understanding from a girl of her temperament and upbringing, and, for another, I suppose I left her too much alone. Norton did n't. I expect the outcome would have been the same anyway. The stuffiness of the laboratory drove me home early one night in June. Like everyone else, I wore rubber-soled shoes, and as I came along the outside of the hedge I heard my wife's voice murmuring words of endearment, and then the sound of a kiss. As I turned into the gate I almost blundered into Norton. "Hallo," he said awkwardly. And then with a sublime fatuity, "You're back, then. I'm just going."

'I felt exactly as if all the living tissue of my body and brain had been turned into something nerveless and unyielding. I had no impulse to do or say anything violent. "Yes," I answered, "I'm back."

'He went off, and I mounted the verandah steps. In the few minutes she had had to collect herself, Roberta had done wonders. She greeted me with exactly her usual perfunctoriness, and I replied in what I believe were my normal tones. Then I snapped up the light and looked at her face. Her eyes told me all I had guessed and feared. I felt I must get out of the house to think. "I'm going for a long walk," I told her. "Don't sit up." I saw a ripple of relief on the surface of her excellent self-control, and she said no word to detain me.

'When I got home at dawn I knew I was going to kill Norton. I had come to the decision without any thawing of the frozen half of my brain. I don't deny that it was extremely silly of me. I'm not at all sure it was n't criminal as well. No woman's affections are worth the life of a healthy animal, which is what Norton was. Where the law gets at work there are often two lives forfeit instead of one. In my affair there was only going to be one life lost. I did n't want to die. There were so many things I wanted to learn first. Still, as I see now, even one life would have been a waste.

'It would be so easy for me. Norton and I had planned to go into the desert in a few days' time. I would dissemble till then,—indeed, till the end,—and we would go off together as usual.'

Grimble broke off to refill his pipe from the hare-skin bag. When he resumed, it was in a slightly more conversational tone.

'You know, fifteen years ago very few English people wandered into the desert. I think I was the first to discover a whole system of trial mine-workings in the hills not far from Cairo. The Pharaohs and the Ptolemies and Romans all did a bit of poking about, especially for gold and turquoises. They could never have had much success in that neighborhood. As you know, the whole desert is composed of crumbly limestone, rotten enough to make the cliffs dangerous to climb. Some of the borings are on quite a definite plan, systems of two or three shafts and galleries, cut in the roughest way, as if time had been grudged. One irregular tunnel, where a man can't stand upright, goes clean through a knife-edged hill. Then there are several curious little burrows so small in cross-section that, although a man can worm his way into them, it is quite inconceivable to me that he could have found room to use a tool inside. Norton and I had explored one or two. There was nothing whatever to be found inside them, but I had an idea that it would be interesting to ascertain whether there was any variation in the

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temperature inside these workings between a summer day, when it was a perfect inferno at the mouth, and a winter's night, when outside you would be shivering under four blankets. I knew the situations of a lot of these holes, at all sorts of different heights up the cliffs. My plan was to take Norton first of all to one of the burrows near the camp and get some readings, then walk him a few miles to another, a shaft and gallery system this time, near the top of the cliffs. He possessed that mild, rather likable flamboyance which makes a man eager to go down an unknown hole first. Well, when he was up to his shoulders in the shaft I would just crack him over the head with a lump of rock and ease him down as far as he would go into his ready-made grave. Then, if I filled up the mouth of the shaft with rocks and dragged a bit of scrub after me as I descended the cliff, that surely would be the end of the matter. I could easily go back to civilization and say that I had wakened in the morning and found Norton vanished. Of course they would bring a Bedu tracker out, but after Norton and I had been stamping round for a day or two there would be quite enough tracks to baffle him. I had it all worked out.

'We started off as arranged. I suppose I must have dissembled pretty well; or else they wanted to be deceived. Having dismissed the camel-men, we pottered about for a day or two just as usual, except that I encouraged Norton to take long tramps with his gun. I wanted plenty of good long trails for the trackers to weary themselves over. I'd planned to make an end on the third morning. I suppose it was because the emotional part of my brain was still frozen that I was able to sleep so well. After breakfast we went along to the first hole, a simple horizontal burrow in a hogbacked ridge. I wriggled in on my belly, holding a thermometer, an electric torch, and a measuring tape. Every five yards I was going to take the temperature of the air and tell the figures to Norton, who followed me up with a notebook and pencil and another torch.

'If you've never been in such a constricted position underground for long you won't realize how beastly it is even for a man not subject to claustrophobia. As we scuffled along on elbows and knees we raised choking limestone dust off the floor. It was deadly stuffy and still. Our tunnel curved more than once, and ten yards from the mouth it was as black as the inside of a cow. My head was cut off from all sense impressions of the outer world by my own body. Norton wormed along behind my feet, breathing heavily, and stopping when I stopped. I noticed that the walls of the tunnel were much more roughly cut than most; here and there the rock seemed to be fissured quite deeply. At length, thirty yards in, I came to the dead end of the burrow and prepared to take my final reading. I could n't turn round — had n't been able to for the last fifteen yards. I should have to work my way out backward after Norton had done so. I was wishing there was n't a whole mountain a few inches above my head and a few inches from either cheek, when I heard Norton's breathing suddenly check. "Hell and damnation," he burst out, "I've been bitten by something. Snake, I believe. In the leg. I'm going to get out of this." His voice became more terrified with the last words. I heard him start dragging himself backward, his breath going wildly. I could imagine how his eyes would be dilated with terror and the black dark. "God, my leg's swelling already; I can hardly bend the knee," he cried frantically.

'"Use your hands as much as you

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can," I called back. I heard his electric torch clink on the floor and its faint gleam went out. Almost at once there was a scrambling sound and a thump. I have always imagined that Norton lost his head completely, forgot where he was, and tried to stand up. Anyway, he must have hit the roof and stunned himself, for he never said another word. I could hear him breathing stertorously. I shouted to him. I worked back to him till I could feel him with my feet. Remember, I could n't turn round even enough to see his head. After a while his breathing became harsher, and shortly ceased altogether. It can't have been many minutes. It did n't even seem many. He can't have recovered consciousness.

'During those minutes I clean forgot I had meant to kill Norton myself that morning. I have thought since that it must have been that rare black cobra of the desert, Innesia, which anticipated me. It inhabits just such holes in the rocks, and was probably asleep in one of the fissures when I passed.

'All I felt at first was that a pal of mine who had shared my water bottle was in need of immediate help and I could n't give it. When the last rattling breath had faded into silence something else struck me. Norton had died in the smallest part of the burrow, blocking it completely. Have you ever tried to push a heavy dead man feet foremost down a narrow passage with a rough floor and rough sides? I shoved with my feet on his shoulders till my muscles cracked, and I tore my hands and forearms trying to get a purchase. Norton's carcass would n't budge an inch. Lying prone in that black dark it suddenly came to me that I was in exactly the same position as a grub sealed up by a leaf-cutter bee at the end of her egg-tunnel. I felt quite calm and still. Then I became aware that it was getting hotter and that the air could n't last much longer. I could always break the thermometer and jag through an artery. But I did n't want to die. And suddenly I was smitten with blind horror. I felt as if the mountain had settled down on my back and the bulk of carrion behind me was driving me further and further from light and life. I don't think I had any idea that I could possibly be heard even if by a miracle someone were near the mouth of the hole, but I screamed; I screamed again and again. In that confined space you can imagine that the noise was terrific. The abortive echoes piled one on top of the other till my own clamor deafened and maddened me. For a split second I was raised high above the world and I saw myself as a speck in a microscopic hell of my own making, lost in the dumb, dead belly of a mountain. I screamed till my voice broke into falsetto. Suddenly there was a sharp crack in the roof between my head and the end of the passage. It was followed by a thunderous roar and slide of rock.

'When I had got enough sense back to use my eyes I thought I could detect the merest glimmer of light ahead and above. I dragged myself forward a little over the rough lumps of rock which had just fallen, and found I could now lift my head. Apparently the roof of my burrow had been the floor of another. It was horribly narrow. I ripped the shirt off my back and tore my shoulders in squeezing through into the upper passage. Then I saw a speck of blessed light.

'Thinking it over, I believe it was that break in my voice that saved me. You know how a tuning fork vibrating will set another of the same pitch singing at the other side of a room. I remember once when I was a boy shouting as I ran into the dining-room and hearing one of the tumblers on the table crack as if it had been struck.

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There must have been a flaw in the glass. Fortunately for me, there was a flaw in the mountain too. Probably one of the fissures was of just that infinitesimal width which fitted in with the vibrations of my falsetto scream.

'I was now on the wrong side of the mountain, and without a hat. That was serious, as it was midday in June and working up for a khamseen. I was bleeding pretty heavily from such of my wounds as were n't clotted with dust. I started off at once for the camp and home, filled with some crazy idea that Norton's death ought to be reported at once. Needless to say, I never managed to reach home. I learned afterward that I must have lain out for twenty-four hours before I was found by a Bedu with a camel and carried into the Nile Valley. It was another week before I recovered sufficiently to talk sense. The first thing I tried to say was, "Norton died of snake-bite in the burrow." I thought they looked at me queerly, but I was too tired to bother. Later I tried to describe the position of the place. They sent a search party up, which returned without having found Norton's body. They reported that the sandstorm which raged for two days after my escape from the burrow had blotted out all our tracks. As soon as I was well enough I went as guide with a party of police. I led them straight to the hole. Of Norton's body there was no trace.

'Directly I got back I found that everyone was sure I had murdered Norton. It seems that in my unconsciousness I had let out my true feelings about him. The consul held an inquiry. It was all the easier for me to stick to my story of the snake-bite because it happened to be the truth. Not a soul believed it, but they could n't try me for murder without a corpse to produce, and they could n't keep me in prison. Roberta went home to England. I tried to face it out in Egypt. Everyone cut me dead. In the end they beat me. I came to hate intolerably the silly smugness of the men and women who in the past had exchanged greetings with me and had never experienced a genuine emotion in their lives. I resigned and took to the desert, thinking I should like to know what really had happened to Norton's body.'

Grimble paused so long that I thought he had come to the end of his tale. A fox barking far down the wadi seemed to rouse him. He resumed in his detached voice: —

'I gradually went quite Bedu. It was easy to learn to dress like them, because their garb is the most comfortable of all in the desert. It was a much more difficult process learning to live on desert fare. The Bedawin were good to me. They called me "Akhuna Magnun," our mad brother. I bought a bint, and she is looking after my few goats and camels near Hammam Faraoun now.

'It was not until two years ago that I got a clue to what happened to Norton's body. None of the Bedawin would ever admit any knowledge at all of the matter. I chanced to be in the Wadi No'oth one day, and it struck me that the bits of filthy rag tied round the legs of one of the baby donkeys there were of a vaguely familiar pattern. Suddenly it came to me why those gray and red bars were so well known. I had spent all the years of my school life with those colors. And the last time I had seen them was when Norton had put an old tie round his waist to hold his shorts up. Now here the tie was being used to keep the Devil from climbing up the legs of a baby donkey.

'I found the owner of the rags, and he said he had got them from one Hassan bin Faraj, somewhere over near Bir Yahmoun. After months of trek-

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king about the desert I came up with this Hassan. When I broached the subject he shut up like a clam. In the end I had to reassume the Englishman, invoke the name of the police, and frighten him into saying what he knew. He told me that in his young days he had been in bad odor with his tribe. He had committed a very unnecessary extratribal manslaughter which had let his tribe in for very heavy blood money. They were so annoyed that they cast him out to walk the desert alone. As a matter of fact the tribal temper was shorter than usual, because they were all going through a very bad time. Winter showers had failed for three years; their wells were drying up one after the other; and their camel pasture was almost done. Each prayed to his own patron sidi, and then, as an afterthought, to Allah, with a new and desperate fervency.

'You know,' said Grimble parenthetically, 'many of these Bedawin are at the bottom no more Mohammedans than you and I. Well, there was no result. Then, according to Hassan's story, an old man spoke up and said that he remembered his father telling him how in just such a time of trouble they had made a burnt offering of three black goats at the tomb of the sidi Ahmed el Takrouri, and he had brought them rain. So the tribe sacrificed three black goats. But no rain fell. Then another ancient lifted up his voice and told how when he was a little boy he heard from his grandfather that in *his* grandfather's time they had sacrificed a man-child and it had brought rain. Hassan said that no one had been able to spare a man-child that year, so the tribe still suffered.

'I gathered,' continued Grimble, 'that the excommunicated Hassan had been hanging round our camp as the Bedawin do, hoping to pick up some oddments when we departed. He saw us enter that burrow, and he never saw us return. He had the curiosity and the hardihood to investigate, and when he found Norton's body a brilliant idea struck him. Surely a burnt offering of a man would be more potent than that of a boy — above all when the man had been an English devil, who is so irresistible in life. Here was a chance to reinstate himself in the good graces of his tribe. He lugged Norton's body out and across country to Bir Woraq, where the tribe were sitting miserably round one of their last water holes. The raging sandstorm hid all his tracks, and that night Norton went up in smoke.'

When Grimble ceased speaking the vast silence healed over us again like a tangible thing. It lasted so long that Orion slid down below the western scarp. Grimble seemed to sense the sympathy which I could not put into words. After a time he answered my unspoken question.

'No,' he said, 'I shan't go back. Why should I? It is true that here I live pretty hard, on a little milk and mouldy flour and wormy dates. But I don't pay any taxes, and I have n't seen a bill for fifteen years. Besides, there are a whole lot of things yet that I want to find out about the desert.'

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DIONYSUS IN JAPAN[1]

THE ENYO FESTIVAL

BY W. HAUTZ

On one of the thousand inlets which open into the picturesque Inland Sea lies a little Japanese seaport. Its few thousand inhabitants are in everyday life prosaic, matter-of-fact people from whom we should never expect anything eccentric or particularly interesting. They show no ambition to set the world on fire. Indeed, they are a retrospective-minded community. Their life, their glory, and their happiness are rooted in a remote past upon which their fame is founded.

This little town, in fact, is the only place in Japan, or in the world, which has an *Enyo* celebration; and a single night — the night of the first full moon in the venerable old lunar year, which according to our conventional reckoning usually comes in February — is consecrated to their ancient Japanese mystery.

My Japanese student friends first called my attention to this festival. They told me that it was the last survival of true Japan. So I joined several of them in a visit to this exotic and mysterious region. Thus it was that, somewhat subdued by anticipation of the coming ceremonies, we reached the little city at about eleven o'clock on the eventful night. Other towns and villages were wrapped in peaceful slumber; but here every street and passage was brightly illuminated with strings of colored electric lights and with thousands upon thousands of paper lanterns, converting darkness into day. Throngs of people elbowed their way through the thoroughfares, or stood packed shoulder to shoulder wherever there was a transient centre of attraction. Restaurants and open-air kitchens offered to the hungry fried fish, boiled lobsters, gigantic crabs, the inevitable rice, and the equally inevitable bottled 'cider.' A dense circle of people huddled around the acetylene torch of a street vendor selling *mochi*, or Japanese bean cakes. Another peddler sold silks, another fountain pens, and still another itinerant adventurer was telling fortunes. In a tent pitched at a street crossing a volunteer fire company sat ready for business, wearing bright-colored uniforms, and with red and white lanterns, hand pumps, hose, and water buckets ready for instant use. In the upper stories of the low houses we caught the silhouettes of Japanese ladies in butterfly coiffures making deep obeisances to their guests. Intimate family life was everywhere portrayed in shadow pictures against the paper panes of the *shoji*, or drawn house screens.

Guided by a deafening uproar in the distance, we slowly pushed toward the temple quarter. First we entered a sort of market, October fair, and Luna Park rolled into one — only immeasurably more primitive than in Europe. The central attraction was an inter-

[1] From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* (Berlin Big Industry daily), *May* 29

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national circus with performing horses, camels, elephants, sea lions, and acrobats — the latter, in this land of unprotected children, for the most part less than ten years old. Surrounding the big tent was the usual circle of puppet theatres, shooting galleries, and wheels of fortune. At one point a dense crowd of spectators stood gazing at a juggler, but they transferred their interest to us, the only Europeans among these thirty thousand celebrants of the Empire of the Rising Sun, as soon as we came in sight. Eventually we fought our way out of this mob and, crossing a high bridge, entered the temple grounds, from which we had been hearing at regular intervals a sort of rhythmic marching chant: 'Hussa! Hussa! Hussa! Hussa!'

What is Enyo? Can we project ourselves backward into the classic age of ancient Greece? Can we visualize, as vividly as we can the people about us, Corybants, bacchants, whirling and leaping in their mad dance? Can we evoke from our racial memory mænads intoxicated by the god spinning dizzily through the defiles of Cithæron?

'*Evoe! Evoe!*' The bacchic acclamation resounded thousands of years ago around the torch-illuminated altars of Dionysus. '*Hyacinthos! Hyacinthos!*' the Spartan maidens shouted in the spring festival before Apollo's shining throne. 'Hussa! Hussa!' bursts with the same wild frenzy from the throats of these mad celebrants, under Japan's clear moonlit February sky, recalling with startling power all-but-forgotten ancestral memories of Europe's childhood. What is but a vague and vanishing echo of ancient things to us is still the living present in Japan — not on the street, to be sure, nor to the eyes of the transient visitor, but in her secluded spots, far away from the dust and smoke of her crowded cities, where her true soul still lingers.

It is just midnight when we finally enter the temple courtyard, which is already thronged with people — some chatting unconcernedly before the temple entrance, others reverently bowed in prayer to Buddha before the altars. In the great temple hall little men and women lounge carelessly on straw mats, half asleep or waiting patiently.

'Hussa! Hussa!' suddenly thunders louder than ever in our very ears, and a solid phalanx of one hundred or more naked men stamps past, pressing resistlessly through the throng in a kind of dancing march, and almost throwing us to the ground as it storms ahead. A minute later another phalanx of naked men passes us, making the ground echo with its quick rhythmic resounding tread. Then another, then another, shouting 'Hussa! Hussa!' in deafening unison. Each compact mass of naked men thus circles around a many-storied pagoda and into the lofty temple hall, by flights of steps approaching it from three sides. The whole courtyard is filled with these dancing marchers, their white bodies pale in the silvery moonlight, and the magic glow of thousands of white paper lanterns bearing red inscriptions. Framing them in this weird, mysterious twilight is a surging mass of spectators in kimonos, brightly decorated butterfly frisures, and parasol pilgrim hats, who are buffeted, separated, and again close up behind the mad bacchantic squads of Adamic bodies.

The number of naked forms constantly grows larger. Thousands crowd their way up the steps of the temple and into its vestibule. By thousands they stamp hither and thither in solid phalanx formation, their arms lifted in the air, shouting and chanting as they

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advance steadily toward the neighboring sea. Passing through a huge stone gate, they plunge into the chilly water to recover their breath and quench for a moment the hot fire in their glowing veins. Then they resume their dense formation and stamp back again to the temple, while the vapor from their damp bodies forms a light silvery mist above. Larger and larger grow the companies that thus seek an impetuous baptism in the sea. The individual is lost in the raging mass; its rhythm completely possesses him. He has no individual will, no thought and feeling of his own; he is merely a tiny member of this giant stamping monster.

This continues for a couple of hours. Finally, just before 2 A.M., silence suddenly falls upon the scene. The naked men cluster in a dense ring around the temple. The mysterious lights within are extinguished. The climax of the solemnity is at hand.

A priest appears on a balcony high above the steaming bodies below. With a solemn gesture he casts two little white rods, the *shingi*, or 'prayer rods,' of the past year, into the air. Almost before the eye can catch the glint of their descent in the dim light, a thundering roar, more violent and deafening than anything before, bursts forth from the eager celebrants.

The real action of the ceremony, the fight for the shingi, now begins. From the temple hall, down the steps, across the wide temple yard, the naked mass surges to and fro, driving the spectators before it like the foam before the waves. Head to head, breast to back, arms waving in the air, shouting, grunting, groaning, the packed mass swings and circles to and fro. Some of the more determined climb up on the shoulders of their neighbors and creep over the tangle of closely pressed bodies, heads, and arms to the focus of the fight, while the shouting rises to a new pitch above the continuous roar.

A half-hour passes thus; then gradually the fighters weary. The main body breaks up into smaller fragments. Several groups continue the struggle outside the temple grounds in the streets. The noise slowly dies down. Excitement subsides. Here a disappointed contestant wipes his perspiring limbs. Yonder another exhausted fellow stands passive while a companion wipes away his blood and binds up a wound. The shouting ceases. The Enyo is over.

Who won a shingi? Only a few know, or will ever know. Each happy victor has carried his rod, perhaps, to a house where a red lantern hangs and a friend awaits him. The latter has now become an *ivainushi* — a lucky-man. The winner himself, the *fukuotoko*, will share that luck with his friend during the coming year, and their good fortune will be passed on to their children and their children's children.

Old beyond memory is the festival, old beyond memory the rites by which it is celebrated. Yet even it must pay tribute to the modern. On the right of the broad temple grounds, in a room adorned with ancient carvings, sits a high police official with a strong squad of modern uniformed policemen. On the left a Red Cross flag waves over an emergency hospital with white-tunicked surgeons and white-hooded nurses. And a place in the venerable old pagoda is reserved for a staff of pressmen and photographers with flash-lights.

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BUSINESS ABROAD

Population and Markets

If markets and production are functions of population, the following figures compiled by the League of Nations may have some bearing upon the present distribution of the world's prosperity. Between 1913 and 1925 the population of Europe, including Asiatic Russia, is estimated to have increased 1.3 per cent, that of Asia, excluding Asiatic Russia, 4.1 per cent, that of Africa 6.5 per cent, that of South America 19.5 per cent, and that of North America 20.8 per cent. Incidentally, during the past twenty years the excess of births over deaths per thousand inhabitants has fallen almost 50 per cent in Northern and Central Europe, decreasing in England from 11.6 to 6.1 per cent, in Germany from 14 to 8.7 per cent, and in Ireland from 6.2 to 5.9 per cent. France, which shows a slight betterment due to immigration and the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, reports an increase from 0.6 to 1.4 per cent. Denmark, which makes the best record of all, exhibits a decline from 14.3 to 10.2 per cent, but her sister kingdom, Sweden, records one of the most marked falls in the list, from 11 to 5.8 per cent.

British Business

According to the *Economist's* Monthly Report on the state of trade, Great Britain's business expansion 'has not fulfilled the hopes of those who looked for a steady improvement throughout the year, but, on the other hand, there is no sign at all of a general setback. The gross unemployment figures are fairly steady (if coal miners are excluded they show a small improvement), and are low compared with figures for any recent year. Coal, iron, and steel output was a little less in June than in May, and the iron and steel industry shows as yet no sign of being able to maintain a high level of production. Foreign competition in the semifinished products is more acute, and prices generally are still not regarded by buyers as stable. The result is that orders are being placed in little spurts of activity, and now that the accumulated demand of the coal dispute has been largely worked off a return to a high level of output is only to be expected if the shipbuilding industry and the export trade show more vitality. The coal industry is lying under the shadow of actual or threatened overproduction, though for the moment the market is rather better than a month ago. Orders for electrical machinery — in particular, foreign orders — show a marked increase, but other branches of the engineering industry are at about the same level as in recent months. The foreign trade returns for July were on the whole disappointing, but retail trade is recovering from the dullness of the early part of the year. It has, however, been handicapped by the wet summer. Industrial securities, except in the case of iron and steel shares, have maintained their price level.' A comparison of exports with those of a year ago shows a heavy decline in shipments of textiles, balanced by growing exports of metal manufactures. Cotton-cloth shipments have declined from over 3.5 billion yards in 1913 to less than 2.1 billion yards in

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1926, but yarn exports have remained almost stationary. The balance sheets of more than five hundred companies whose annual reports were published during the second quarter of 1927 disclose net profits, after paying bond interest and other fixed charges, of something above 300 million dollars, or about 5.7 per cent less than was recorded in corresponding 1926 reports.

According to the *Ministry of Labour Gazette*, well toward one half — 46.4 per cent — of all the employees in Great Britain coming under the Unemployment Insurance Acts are now in London and the southwestern areas. This confirms the reported tendency of British manufacturing to shift southward with the trend from primary to secondary production. The Chief Factory Inspector points out that despite the depression 'the area surrounding London continues to develop industrially in a remarkable manner.' He also comments upon 'the astonishing prosperity of Coventry and district.' Birmingham, which has lost its prominence as a centre of raw materials and semiproducts, through their exhaustion and the competition of cheaper supplies from abroad, has switched to the manufacture of motors, artificial silks, radio sets, and various staple food commodities. The Standing Committee on Iron and Steel under the Merchandise Marks Act, moved by the increasing competition of unmanufactured and half-manufactured steel in the British market, has recommended that plates, sheets, rails, rods, and similar shapes shall be plainly marked with the name of their country of origin.

Although the Swedish Match Company, the near-world trust which has recently extended its operations to Japan, has not yet absorbed the French Government monopoly, it has practically assimilated the business in Great Britain, where it already owned an important interest in the second-largest establishment, John Masters and Company, Ltd. A new corporation known as the Imperial Match Company has been formed to amalgamate this firm with England's largest producers, Bryant and May. Although both companies retain their nominal identity, partly because their trade names are a valuable asset, and two thirds of the directors of the new thirty-million-dollar corporation which absorbs them must be British citizens, no secret is made of the fact that the Swedish monopoly now controls them.

At the last annual meeting of the General Electric Company of Great Britain the chairman was able to report a prosperous year, ending with increased reserves and an expanding business. His address contains an interesting paragraph upon Imperial trade which is so typical of current commercial publicity in Great Britain that we quote it in full: 'American efficiency is constantly held up to us as an example. I am an admirer of American practice, but their methods will not help us. They have secured their home market, and have succeeded, as producers, in imposing their will on the public; we share our market with others, and it is the buyer who imposes his will on the manufacturer. No rigid American methods will suit these conditions. We require much more elasticity in our system of production. Give us a secure home market, and we can produce with the same efficiency and increase the earning capacity of our workers. But we must not only aim at a secure home market; we should aim at an Empire market. The United States is a vast self-supporting country, possessed of infinite resources, with which Great Britain cannot compare itself; but the British Empire has re-

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sources which not only have not been adequately exploited, but which have not even been surveyed: probably its natural wealth is much greater than that of the American Republic. The seas do not divide the British Empire; they unite it. Transport by sea is far cheaper than by land. Distances are vanishing. Progress in abolishing space by telegraph, telephone, wireless, has been marvelous in the past, but future developments will be more marvelous. Electricity will link together our far-flung Empire in thought, and annihilate the distance of travel and of transport as well. The economic possibilities of England are limited, but those of the Empire are boundless. The United States has a secure home market, which is the envy of the world. The British people may, if they choose, have an equally secure home market four or five times as large and infinitely more valuable. Security of the home markets is indispensable for industrial prosperity, social peace, Empire development, and the future of the race. Every order which England might fill and which goes abroad strengthens the foreigner and weakens the home producer. Every article needlessly made abroad raises the skill of the foreign artisan and adds to unemployment at home. Every order going abroad cheapens the price of the foreign article and raises that of the home product. Every order placed in England helps employment and promotes industrial, social, and political independence.'

Business Gossip in Paris

An echo of the recent meeting of international bank heads at New York appears in the following Paris dispatch to *Berliner Tageblatt*: 'The rôle of the Bank of France in the New York Conference was especially interesting because its gold policy created the acutest problem there discussed — the stability of sterling exchange. Indignant British press protests, accusing France of disturbing the peace of the international money market, failed to impress that body. In Paris, at least, London is regarded less as a valiant fighter for sound international finance than as an embarrassed debtor. We hear much talk of how England, actuated by motives of prestige, prematurely returned to the gold standard before she was prepared to do so. The "City" sought to use the psychological effect of this action to recover her shaken supremacy as the world's banker, but she succeeded only as long as money poured into her coffers from other European countries, whose collapsing currencies sent the money of their terrified capitalists to cover in foreign parts. This enabled London to maintain sterling parity with gold throughout England's deflation crisis and coal strike. But as soon as Germany, and then Belgium and France, placed their own currencies on a sound basis the deposits of their investors began to flow back from London. This, particularly in case of France, resulted in heavy gold withdrawals. So people here conclude that Britain's return to the gold standard has been made possible so far by borrowed money, and that it depends on France whether she will have to humble her pride and appeal again for American aid.'

French motor-car manufacturers face a critical situation. For more than a year their home market has been in a bad way. The depression of the franc, followed by the heavy tax on automobiles, cut deeply into their local custom. Foreign competitors, though they could not ship in cars over the heavy duties, set up their own establishments in France, and were able by cut prices and long credits to underbid home manufacturers. The Ford Works at Gennevilliers, for example, sell 25,000 cars annually. But as long as the franc

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kept tumbling manufacturers were able to do a good business abroad by following the same methods there that their foreign competitors did in France. Citroën, for example, has factories and assembling shops in England, Spain, Belgium, and Germany. His English branch builds 18,000 cars a year, or more than one fourth as many as the home factory. Renault is also putting up works in England. But the recovery of the franc has been a hard blow to these companies, which have been forced to cut prices until they are working practically without a profit. Several small and medium makers have been obliged to close their plants, and even the biggest manufacturers, like Citroën, Renault, and Dion-Bouton, have been forced to reduce expenses and output. In fact, the last-mentioned firm has gone into the hands of a receiver; and it is rumored that Citroën and Renault would have failed but for the timely aid of the Michelin tire people and the Paris banks. As it is, André Citroën himself, the 'little Ford of France,' is rumored to have lost control of his Company, which is now in the hands of Lazard Frères, the bankers. In any case, its capital has recently been increased from 100 million to 300 million francs, and it has entered into an extensive campaign of credit selling. These works, with an output of 70,000 cars a year when working at capacity, are the largest in France. Renault follows with 45,000 cars, and Ford's French branch with 25,000. It is rather interesting that among the rumored plans for saving the industry is a proposed amalgamation of several important French concerns with our own General Motors.

Sugar

Belgium is said to contemplate inviting her European neighbors to renew the Sugar Convention of 1902, with such modifications as changed conditions after the war may require. The earlier Convention, which was modified from time to time, established a ratio between the domestic excise tax and the import tariff on this article in each sugar-producing country. Austria, Hungary, Belgium, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Luxemburg, the Netherlands, Peru, Sweden, Switzerland, and Russia were parties to the old agreement, although Russia insisted upon special treatment, and England and Italy withdrew shortly before the war. The present negotiations indicate that beet-sugar production in Europe is back on a normal basis.

Germany

Germany's imports continue to exceed her exports, the unfavorable balance in June amounting to 449 million gold marks. Her imports of raw materials and foodstuffs increased, and her exports, especially of manufactures, decreased. Nevertheless, business remains good, unemployment continues to decline, and some industries, such as textile manufacturing and the clothing trade, are exceedingly active. Indeed, large clothing manufacturers are rationing orders to their customers because they cannot secure prompt deliveries of cloth. The boot, shoe, and leather trades are also prospering, but some complaint is heard of poor quality. Fashion sets the standard in boots and shoes as well as clothing, encouraging with its rapid changes the production of flimsy goods. 'These constantly shifting fashions, and the eagerness of young women, especially, to be up to date, centre interest entirely in form and color, at the cost of durability and ultimate economy.' Both the Continent and Great Britain have had an unusually wet summer, and as a result crops on heavy land are not doing well. Germany, however, has large areas of sandy soil, where farmers have profited rather than the reverse from the humid season.

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New working hours have been promulgated in the iron and steel industry, under which furnace hands will labor 57 hours a week and rolling-mill men 52 hours a week. The West German Cement Producers Union has been dissolved, apparently as the result of a mistaken price policy. 'Its unduly high price-schedule encouraged new firms to enter the field. Moreover, the members felt so confident in the Union's strength that they imposed intolerable conditions upon the building industry, which has turned to natural cement as a result.'

A merry war is raging among German film-makers. Some time ago, Ufa, the biggest combination of producers, which at one time turned out 80 per cent of the films manufactured in Germany, fell into financial difficulties, and was saved by a consortium of bankers and big industrialists, but, according to the Liberal press, at the cost of its soul — that is, by becoming a propaganda agency for reactionary politicians and big business interests. However that may be, it has incurred the hostility of the Democratic and Socialist press, and outside producers, several of whom are united in powerful corporations, have managed to win back more than half the German market from their huge rival. Ufa has a contract with American producers under which not more than half the films produced in the German theatres are to be of American origin. In return a certain number of German films are to be exhibited in America. The latter half of the obligation, however, rests lightly on American theatre owners, for only four or five German films have been exhibited in the United States under this agreement, and they have not been remarkably successful. Altogether American producers take about one million dollars profit out of the German movie market annually, or very nearly as much as all the German producers combined, and as much as German producers take from all the other markets in the world. Representatives of Ufa have recently visited America, commissioned to revise the existing contracts in order to secure better returns for Ufa itself and possibly for the German film industry in general. Some of Ufa's rivals protest, however, that they have not authorized the present negotiations. The fact of the controversy rather than its details is pertinent for Americans, and its interesting point is the charge that some film interests abroad employ their productions to inculcate certain political and social doctrines.

Germany — Poland

After two years of tariff war, Germany and Poland seem about to reach a commercial agreement. Not only are their governments getting closer together, but an interchange of visits between representatives of the German Industrial Federation and the Polish Industrial Federation is supposed to forecast an early settlement. Poland's trade policies are dictated by a simultaneous desire to protect home industries and to reduce imports in order to maintain the zloty at par in foreign exchange. Notwithstanding the tariff war, Germany is still Poland's best customer and her principal supplier of manufactured goods, but she has not held her own as compared with other countries in Poland's dwindling foreign trade. Poland's exports to Germany normally consist chiefly of agricultural produce and coal, and Junker politicians in the Reichstag and the coal barons oppose concessions to their eastern neighbor. If an agreement is reached, it will profit especially Polish agriculture, the German chemical, electrical, and machine industries, Silesian mining and metallurgical works, and to some extent the German

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textile trade. Poland has probably suffered more than Germany from the two years' tariff war.

Switzerland is one of the many European countries whose imports largely exceed her exports, the adverse balance during the first half of the present year being nearly 40 million dollars. This was caused partly, however, by unusually large imports of raw materials to supply her factories and building trades, and was accompanied by an increase of exports, particularly of textiles and machinery. She sells fewer watches abroad than formerly.

Wall Street and the Kremlin

Der Deutsche Volkswirt enumerates with a suspicion of satisfaction recent instances of Yankee financial penetration in Russia: 'The Standard Oil has reached an agreement with the Soviet Union for marketing Russian petroleum; Harriman has seized the opportunity to get better terms for his manganese concession; rumor has it that America is negotiating a loan with the Moscow authorities for the development of the potash deposits in that country; the International Harvester Company has granted a credit of five million dollars to the same borrowers to enable them to finance the importation of agricultural machinery.' The potash deposits at Solikamsk are rumored — possibly because they are only partly explored — to be among the largest in the world, and their development by American interests in partnership with Moscow would destroy the present Franco-German monopoly. The German press represents London as sharing the general alarm over this new evidence of Yankee expansion. Reported American-Russian oil negotiations have stirred up a lively row abroad. According to foreign reports, the Standard Oil Company of New York has begun the construction of a large refinery at Batum on the account of the Soviet Government, which it is to rent from the authorities for three years, with a privilege of disposing of the output of 150,000 tons of illuminating oil in the Near East. Sir Henry Deterding, Rockefeller's Royal Dutch rival, placarded Europe with a sensational protest in which he said: 'The time has come when the purchase of stolen goods from Russia should be treated in fact and in law precisely as the purchase of any other stolen goods.' Rumored dissensions within our Standard Oil group over the policy of the combined undertakings toward Russia are variously reported. *Kölnische Zeitung* describes the situation from the German standpoint as 'simultaneously amusing and disturbing.' Although the British may protest against our doing business with Russia, some English companies seem to prosper under the Soviet flag. Lena Gold Fields earned a net profit last year of about 1½ million dollars, and obtained from its alluvial workings nearly 300,000 ounces of fine gold, valued at over 5 million dollars.

Italy is unquestionably in serious — perhaps desperate — economic difficulties, but it is impossible to measure their gravity from party-biased press reports. Several serious failures, with liabilities ranging from one half a million to several million dollars, have occurred. The shopkeepers, after conceding wholly inadequate decreases in prices, are consolidating their position in a belief that they can defeat the demand of consumers for further reductions. Mussolini is said to have threatened Signor Gualino, the leading capitalist in Snia Viscosa and the Banca Agricola Italiana, when the latter called to announce that his artificial silk factories would have to suspend operation, 'If you shut your factories, I will open my prisons.' The Secretary General of the Fascist Party has attacked the in-

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dustrialists in violent terms, charging them with inspiring and subsidizing a foreign-press campaign against the Government's economic measures, and threatening to take over the factories from their present owners and place them in charge of the Fascist trade-unions. While wholesale prices have fallen 40 per cent and wages have been reduced 10 per cent, the cost of living has declined but 5 per cent. The Fascist press publishes a long list of Rent Board decisions: for example, Magnino Bernardo *vs.* Zucca Pietro, two rooms at 39 Via Pollenzo, reduced from 90 lire to 75 lire a month; Cornaglia Giorgia *vs.* Capriolo Francesco, three rooms at 55 Via Magenta, reduced from 200 lire to 140 lire a month.

The land of Livingstone and Stanley has now become a country of prosaic production statistics. Apparently cotton in Uganda is not doing as well as was anticipated, for the crop fell off by 16,000 bales last year, and a further decline of 30,000 bales is expected the present season. Similar conditions exist in South Africa, Rhodesia, and Nyasaland. On the other hand, sisal growing is making progress, as is also the rubber industry in Uganda. South Africa, like Australia, suffered from droughts last year, so that the maize crop was less than one half what it had been the previous season. Abundant spring rains, however, promise bumper returns this year. The mining industry has been uniformly prosperous. Mr. Gandhi estimates the value of the homespun cotton cloth manufactured in India last year, as a result of his Khaddar campaign, at something over $700,000.

Chiang Kai-shek, brushing aside China's tariff treaties with foreign Powers, shortly before his retirement imposed by decree a new list of duties upon imports. It contains three schedules, of merchandise paying respectively 15, 25, and 57½ per cent ad valorem, the last of which includes tobacco and liquor.

Japan

In Japan the Kawasaki Dockyards crisis is causing the Government as much embarrassment as the Suzuki failure. The wreckage of the latter is gradually being cleared away, and it did not bring the labor question prominently to the fore; but the Kawasaki Dockyards is one of the largest employers of skilled workers in Japan. Consequently measures for salvaging the Company have become a matter of intense public interest. Mass meetings of workingmen have passed resolutions concerning them, and members of Parliament are trying to make political capital out of the issue.

Latin America

While Venezuela does not promise to rival Mexico at her prime as an oil producer, her increased output deserves attention. That of one British corporation, Venezuelan Oil Concessions, Ltd., has risen since 1924 from 50,000 to nearly 2 million metric tons, mostly from wells close to Lake Maracaibo. Although last year was not regarded as a good one for Brazilian coffee growers, the San Paulo Coffee Estates Company, a British corporation, shipped over 45,000 hundredweight of coffee, and was able to pay an average dividend of 9 per cent to its shareholders. Argentina's exports during the first six months of 1927 exceeded those of the same period last year by nearly 100 million dollars, notwithstanding a marked fall in prices; and five of her seven private railway lines show decided increases in gross receipts for the business year ending with June 30, as compared with the previous season. The two exceptions are small roads, whose aggregate income was less than 10 million dollars.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A Bogus Hohenzollern

GERMANY has apparently declared a continual open season on Hohenzollern impersonations, and the sport threatens to assume the proportions of a national pastime. Members of the nobility or near-nobility, having discovered that work is difficult to find and even more difficult to perform, now and then take to impersonating people of higher rank, and have frequently met with considerable success. The latest exploit of this nature was executed by one Harry Domela, a member of the petty but haughty Baltic nobility. This young man of twenty-three was sentenced by the court in Cologne to two weeks in prison for having posed as the son of the former Crown Prince. Popular sentiment, and the fact that the burgomaster of the little Thuringian town of Gotha insisted on bestowing that title upon him on sight, accounted for the leniency of his sentence, on the completion of which the fortunate youth enters vaudeville to describe his adventures among the good and great.

His story should be worth going to hear. Once the burgomaster had invested him with royal rank, invitations and gifts came pouring in, and all were accepted gladly. In Heidelberg Domela was subjected to the drink test, — a kind of ordeal by beer, — and came through so nobly that he was admitted to the exclusive Saxo-Borussian clubhouse, whose members concluded that no one but a scion of royalty could put away beer as Harry did. Before he went to Heidelberg, however, the impostor, feeling that detection threatened, borrowed a considerable sum of money and vanished. Yet, in spite of the suspicion this aroused, he presently reappeared and embarked upon a round of visits to the most exclusive country houses. When his arrest finally occurred his hosts felt so ashamed of themselves that none of them lodged a complaint, thus making it easy for the judge to let the young man off with a light sentence.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* takes the incident as a text to prove how important mere appearances are in this world. This romantic journal represents the young man as seizing upon this means to revenge himself on a society that had refused him work when he presented himself as he really was. Perhaps only a German can understand another German, but for our part we feel that a youth of twenty-three likes a lark, wherever he comes from.

Assaulting Anatole

WHEN Paul Valéry acceded to Anatole France's chair in the French Academy and in his maiden speech made only rare and slighting references to his predecessor, he was doing yeoman service to the campaign now being waged by certain younger writers against the late 'Master.' Usually the successor to an Immortal's chair takes the opportunity of his first appearance to deal with the man who went before him at some length and with some respect. In this case, however, Valéry did not so much as mention France until he was more than halfway through, and then only to pay a

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left-handed compliment to the man's capacious memory — implying that most of his best work was cribbed from the classics. Later in the speech he out and said in so many words: 'This man, for all his intelligence, was neither able nor willing to take the trouble to understand how and why a good many young people went in for and enjoyed something of which he could not conceive.'

Although poor France rarely finds defenders among the present generation, whose work he ignored and who are jealous of the older man's far greater success, a few of the faithful have taken up the cudgels in his behalf. George Slocombe, Paris correspondent of the *Daily Herald*, shows how fiercely the anti-Anatole campaign has been waged. Within a few years of the Master's death half a dozen books of alleged reminiscences were issued by people whose acquaintance with him was confined to occasional interviews, but who at once recorded and embellished these conversations, handing them over to a publisher against the day when the great man should die.

Even before France's death the campaign of hostility had begun. His sickroom was haunted by scientists eager to weigh his brain after he was dead and by artists wanting to sketch his dying figure. One of these creatures appeared on the streets of Tours, shortly after he had left the house of sickness, selling postcards showing photographs of Anatole France in bed, and even photographs of his brain. When France died, the Radical Government then in power took the opportunity to cash in on his reputation as a Socialist and gave him a state funeral. The body was promptly hustled up from Tours to Paris in a big motor hearse, but during the ride the driver and the undertaker's mute who accompanied him decided that no occasion was so solemn as to preclude the possibility of drinking, and therefore backed their conveyance, coffin and all, into an old barn while they refreshed themselves at a roadside speak-easy with the wine of the country.

Mr. Slocombe feels that France himself would have relished the irony of this situation, but we have our doubts. Unlike charity, irony does not begin at home, and all Frenchmen have a way of taking themselves seriously that would not unbend at the thought of their remains being backed in among the cows while the boys had a few.

Joanna Southcott's Box

SHORTLY before she died in 1814, Joanna Southcott, the Methodist prophetess whose followers once numbered one hundred and fifty thousand, entrusted to her friend, Mrs. Rebecca Morgan, a sealed box which was to be opened in the presence of twenty-four bishops at a time of grave national stress. Mrs. Morgan bequeathed the box, still sealed, to her son, who treasured it until he died, leaving it to a certain 'Mr. F.,' whom he served as gardener. This gentleman, either because he was less respectful toward Joanna's dying injunctions or because he has been deluded by defeatist British propaganda into believing that the time of stress has arrived, turned the box over to the National Laboratory of Psychical Research. After taking several X-ray photographs to assure themselves that the prophetess had not jokingly enclosed an infernal machine, the officials prevailed upon one bishop and a large audience to witness the opening of the box and to discover, perhaps, the road leading to British salvation.

The first object to be extracted was a large obsolete horse pistol, which

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was followed by a diary, dated 1715, a book of prophecies by a rival seer, Richard Brothers, and several other diminutive volumes, one of which, we blush to report, was entitled *The Surprises of Love, or An Adventure in Greenwich Park*. The box also contained an old-fashioned earring, an ivory dice-box, and a heap of coins and medals, including a George III shilling as bright as if it had been minted yesterday. The most pathetic object of all was a baby's cap, presumably destined for the Messiah, Shiloh, whom Miss Southcott believed she was destined to bring into the world. What no one could understand was how so many things could be packed into a box one foot square.

The Bishop of Grantham spoke for the audience when he murmured, 'Not very illuminating'; and the psychical authorities did not even have that much to say. Most of the bishops frowned on the whole affair, though the Archbishop of Canterbury recommended opening the box right away and clearing up the mystery. The other churchmen feared a hoax, and they all stayed at home that evening.

German Culture in Vienna

ANNOUNCING to the readers of the *Nouvelles Littéraires* that Vienna is a city of intrinsically Latin culture, two contributors rejoicing in the fine old Gallic name of Steinhof assert that the Austrian capital does not and should not look to Berlin for enlightenment. 'What New York is to Paris,' they say, 'Berlin is to Vienna,' and anyone who does not live in the great American metropolis can appreciate what a dirty dig that is. The Monsieur and the Madame Steinhof — for such we presume their relationship to be — base this contention on the fact that the Romans did not penetrate beyond the Rhine and the Danube, and that anyone beyond those rivers therefore still lives in outer darkness. Coming down to more recent times, the Steinhofs point to Schubert and Mozart as characteristically 'genial emanations' of the Latin spirit. To be sure, some allowance is made for the pernicious Teutonic strain, but after all, 'the Protestant and Nordic culture of Germany and Berlin cannot penetrate deeply into people whose intellectual foundations are built on principles antagonistic to this culture.'

More than once in the essay we catch echoes of the fear expressed by Henri Massis that Europe is threatened with an invasion of Oriental fallacies. Vienna is described as the eastward outpost of Mediterranean civilization, and even if economic exigencies eventually force through the dreaded political union with Germany, Vienna is urged not to lose her own soul, though she gain a good part of the world. Nowadays, however, we are tending more and more to accept a modified Marxian view of such matters, and to believe that in our highly industrialized condition economic matters determine a people's culture. With France opposing the union with Germany and helping Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia at every opportunity, it is going to be hard for the Viennese to remember their Latin inheritance as vividly as the Steinhofs could wish.

Epigrams of Japan

MR. MATARO CRIZUKA, an official of the South Manchurian Railway, suffers from none of the American executive's embarrassment on the subject of poetry, for he unashamedly contributes to the *Japan Times* a note on the ordinary Japanese 'Tanka,' or short ode. As might be imagined from transla-

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tions, the poetry of Japan lacks rime and rhythm, though not rules. Lines of five syllables and seven syllables alternate with an additional line of seven syllables at the conclusion of the piece. Since there are no accents at all in Japanese, these poems do not give the metrical effect that they would in English. Here is a typical piece: —

Fuyu nagara
Sora yori hana no
Chiri-kuru wa
Kumo no anata wa
Haru ni ya aruran.

Which, being interpreted, means: —

When from the skies that winter shrouds
The blossoms flutter round my head,
Surely the spring its light must shed
On lands that lie beyond the clouds.

Another convention of Japanese poetry is illustrated here, for the blossoms are not blossoms at all, but snowflakes — a fact one should recognize at once, because a wintry scene is being described. Another point to remember is that the first three lines are known as the *Kami-no-ku*, or upper hemistich, and the last two are called the *Shimo-no-ku*, or lower hemistich. A slight pause should be made between the two groups when read aloud.

The Japanese Tanka sometimes contains no verb at all, and never boasts a logical structure. The aim of this type of poetry is to give a picture — indeed, these verses often read like the flowery titles at an exhibition of water colors. Mr. Crizuka compares the Tanakas to some of Tennyson's couplets. For instance, the simple upper hemistich

Yama-dera no
Yoake ya kane ni
Chiru karasu

(A temple on a hill, whose bell
At break of day startles the rooks)

might quite easily be confused with

A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

The difference is that the English poets make these bits of description fit into a larger organic whole, whereas the Japanese stand them on their own feet. How easy it would be to steal unfamiliar quotations here and there from British bards and put them out as a collection of Oriental verse.

'T. E. Lawrence' Impaled

WRITING in the *Central Asia Journal*, an authority on Eastern affairs who conceals his identity behind the initials A. T. W. goes after 'T. E. Lawrence' and describes his book, *Revolt in the Desert*, as a piece of 'intellectual snobbery.' Regarding the mysterious author's conceit, it must be admitted that 'A. T. W.' scores. 'Those who study this book as a human document,' he says, 'will find little trace therein of the modesty claimed as an outstanding virtue of "T. E. Lawrence" (the initials are his own) by the publisher and by the innumerable articles by that prince of press agents, Lowell Thomas.'

The scornful reviewer mentions with particular bitterness the fund of two hundred thousand sovereigns Lawrence asked for to 'convince and control' his followers. At the same time, however, Lawrence does not state how many hundred thousand sovereigns a month were being spent to 'feed the languid fires of Arab nationalism.' Lawrence scarcely alludes to Ibn Saud, now the strongest man in Arabia, and he minimizes the part the British Air Force and a corps of British advisers played in preserving King Feisal. The references to the Indian troops 'A. T. W.' describes as ignorant and snobbish, but typical of

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people whose knowledge of the Orient is confined to Western Arabia. Lawrence's insinuations are held to be one of the chief reasons for the lack of sympathy between France and Britain in that part of the world, and the author is accused of being more responsible than any other single person for the present deplorable situation in Syria. 'A. T. W.' sums up *Revolt in the Desert* in these few words: 'As a contribution to history this book is of little worth.'

The Snob's Catechism

WITH the humblest apologies to Clément Vautel of *Cyrano*, we are offering a free and abridged version of his *Petit Catéchisme du Snob*. His idea here was to ridicule what Nietzsche called the 'Culture-Philistine' — a type of intellectual fourflusher that can now be found in all parts of the world. Quizzed on the subject of literature, the snob would reply in this way: —

Q. Who was the greatest poet of the nineteenth century?

A. Baudelaire.

Q. Why do you place him so high?

A. Because it gives me the air of being one of the elect. Besides, one should always prefer a poet whose imagination was obsessed with perverse hallucinations, who led a wild life, and died a paralytic idiot. Such a writer is obviously superior to the miserable champions of middle-class literature.

Q. Do you lead such a life yourself?

A. Not at all. I married at an early age a very rich cousin of mine. I only drink mineral water, and don't write verse, or even read it except once in a while in the newspapers. I am a pillar of society, and a good husband and father.

Q. Do you like the theatre?

A. Yes, provided the play in question is very literary.

Q. How would you define this quality?

A. A play is literary when it does not make you laugh, even though it is called a farce. A play that makes you cry is not literary either. It should only make you think.

Q. What do you think of a play where a husband is faithful to his wife?

A. It is a bourgeois performance, devoid of literary value.

Q. Do you like plays dealing with sexual subjects?

A. They are indispensable to the theatre of pure art.

Q. Why?

A. Because they make you think.

Q. What about?

A. About things.

Q. What are your political views?

A. I am a Radical.

Q. Why?

A. Because it is an elegant, amusing, and original opinion for a rich member of the middle class to hold.

The catechism concludes with a reminder of what happened to the eighteenth-century French aristocrats who expressed similar views. Perhaps M. Vautel's own fear of suffering a similar fate is as funny as any of the beliefs that he ridicules.

High-Speed Spending

FRENCH versatility scored one of its most impressive triumphs lately when a M. Gravier, who won a newspaper competition that allowed him to live 'like an American millionaire' for two hours, went through the allotted sum of ten thousand francs within the time limit. Although a citizen of the world's most economical nation, he experienced no difficulty in his task. To see that the spending was fair and square, a newspaper reporter accompanied the frantic Gaul, whose first move was to hire an expensive automobile, in the name of Mr. Barnabooch, Jr., of New York, and drive to the Imperial Airways office, where he took return passage for himself and his family to

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England. As if this were not enough to establish the man's insanity, he asked for ten pounds in English money, begging to be granted an especially unfavorable rate. Wherever he went he tipped lavishly, and one beggar, to whom he handed a fifty-franc note for holding open the door of the automobile, was so convinced a mistake had been made that he clutched the piece of paper and ran for his life. Large sums were spent in buying expensive seats at the opera, sending money to a well-coached poor relation who demanded assistance, and getting cigars and books for himself, a bag for his wife, and flowers for his favorite actresses. Even the Salvation Army came in for a thousand-franc note. But M. Gravier's day must have been just about ruined when he discovered that in his zeal he had parted with two hundred extra francs of his own.

Book Prices in Germany

With an output of over thirty-one thousand different books in the calendar year of 1925, German publishers are congratulating themselves that their industry has satisfactorily weathered the financial storms of the last few years. These figures, though hardly fresh, seem to be the latest available, and, according to a learned contributor to the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, prove that the business can be conducted advantageously on the Rentenmark basis. In 1924, for instance, only twenty-four thousand titles appeared, and in 1908, with pre-war production at its height, the average price of a German book was three and a half marks. This figure has now risen to four marks, seventy-five pfennigs, but the increase compares favorably with similar advances in England and America.

Thanks to paper bindings and more direct distribution, German novels now sell at an average price of three and a half marks a copy. The cheapest books are educational texts and courses in stenography, which cost on an average one mark, fifty-four pfennigs apiece. Philosophic works generally come as high as six marks, and art books, with such illustrations as only Germans can produce, average slightly over twenty marks. Biographical and historical works that rarely cost less than four dollars in the States, and frequently run up to ten, average six marks and a half. One might suppose that the practical as well as the intellectual superiority of German publishing would challenge intelligent imitators elsewhere.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Navies and Nations, by Hector Bywater. London: Constable and Company; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1927. $4.00.

[*Sunday Times*]

MR. BYWATER must be thoroughly congratulated on this admirable study of a difficult subject, which appears at an opportune moment. The fleets of the three great naval Powers — Great Britain, America, and Japan — are products of economic and political influences which are extremely complicated and difficult to examine. Mr. Bywater has none the less examined them with that fairness of mind which comes from great knowledge.

The British navy is the outcome of a series of compromises between strategical needs and political expediency. It cannot be said to be at sufficient strength to give all our colonies security of communication with the British island; for the West Indies are in what is little but an American lake, and, so long as Bermuda is unserviceable as a battleship base, the Canadian route cannot be said to be navally served. The route to Australasia is better protected, and will be at least relatively secure when the Singapore project is complete. All the strategical disadvantages of a naval position which leaves a food and grain route weakly protected have thus been accepted in order to secure absolute naval supremacy in Europe; and all the political disadvantages of rousing the suspicions of an old and loyal ally — Japan — have been accepted in order to build up a sound strategical position on the Far Eastern route. Mr. Bywater might have concluded his analysis of British naval policy by saying that it is by compromises like these that Great Britain is simultaneously applauded for her wisdom and criticized for her muddle-headedness.

The Japanese navy is an attempt to meet certain purely strategical desiderata. Like all industrial countries, Japan is not self-supporting. She is importing fuel and food from Manchuria, Korea, and the Yangtze Basin in larger and larger quantities; more than that, she is becoming a great exporter of cheap semi-European goods to half-developed Eastern countries. At present her sources of supply and her markets are fairly concentrated; and so long as her communications with Korea, Manchuria, and Northeastern China are secure against any possible adversary, her economic life is tolerably well protected. Her navy is designed for the purely defensive purpose of denying the Yellow Sea to any foreign Power that desires to penetrate with an aggressive purpose. Mr. Bywater shows, by the most closely reasoned arguments, that neither the Japanese navy nor the Japanese merchant marine is nearly strong enough to bear the burden of great overseas expeditions.

The Japanese navy will none the less tend to become more and more the outcome of compromises between policy and strategy. It is already almost incapable of defending the long oil route to North Borneo, and it is quite incapable of protecting the Australian route, upon which the country is dependent for its supplies of meat and wool. The industrialization of Japan will probably produce a military policy very similar to Great Britain's: enough naval strength to give absolute security at home, and enough sound diplomacy to give relative security abroad.

Mr. Bywater has no difficulty in showing that the American navy is a purely political product. The programme of 'a navy second to none' was the result of America's traditional antagonism to Great Britain, of friction with Japan, and of dislike of the German submarine campaign. The war justified America's projects of naval expansion for a time only; and, just as the American fleet is the outcome of political influences, so it will only be maintained at

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its present standard if those political influences continue to express and exert themselves strongly. American naval policy is, in consequence, one of the most baffling and unforeseeable influences in the world's affairs.

Mr. Bywater's study has appeared at a very opportune moment. The conference on the limitation of minor types will assemble shortly, and will probably be dominated by the policies which he has analyzed with such care and thoroughness. It will be our fault if we neglect to study a book which bears so closely upon questions of vital importance to our national security.

Vie de Disraeli, by André Maurois. Paris: Éditions de la Nouvelle Revue Française. 12 fr.

[*Nouvelle Revue Française*]

The literary market has been flooded with so many pseudobiographies that this entire branch of writing may well fall into disrepute. With all their graceful phrases, these makeshift historians seize upon some personage, pick him apart, add plenty of seasoning, and serve him to the public on a platter. One can only regret, therefore, that some device for the inclusion of notes, always very bothersome, has not been furnished to provide accurate documentation for André Maurois's new book. The most insignificant detail of the daily life of Victorian men and women may be known to us. For this was a period when husbands, lovers, and friends all over Europe became so intoxicated with the new postal facilities that they revealed the inner secrets of their hearts with unprecedented ease and assurance.

Maurois's problem was to choose judicially from this wealth of material. He had to avoid padding and at the same time include as much action as possible. He had to describe the milieu without permitting it to encroach upon the biography — a particularly delicate problem in the case of a man who circulated so freely for fifty years in the political and literary life of his time. I admire the ease with which Maurois has made intelligible the interplay of parliamentary party tactics and cleared away all rubbish from the arena where his great adventurer fought. Obviously he must be very fond of this hero and admire his brilliant gifts, his intelligence, eloquence, generosity, courage — qualities so intensified that they both fascinated and stunned some of his contemporaries, yet triumphed in the end over all obstacles. The old puritan foundation of English public opinion could only regard all this brilliance and fantasy with distrust, suspecting their possessor of being factitious, violent, and hypnotic. The gambler in Disraeli forced him to dominate in the grand manner rather than to subdue patiently the contradictions between his private and public life. This voluptuary, this writer courting success with cold ambition, this proud pretender to popularity, this Jew in whom Oriental pompousness still survived, charmed old conservative England. His only thought was to avenge some of the youthful humiliations he suffered in his lively contests for the highest office in the country. A combination of the paladin and the dandy, he was insupportable and charming when young, supportable but deceitful when old. Here was a young Cæsar praying before the bust of Alexander, but here also was a pagan cursing as he entered the Tuileries. He has written stories filled with ideas, images, and ingenious suspense which one may still read with pleasure; but they were only a superior kind of game, lacking profundity. The same held true of his political career. Since he never battled for any particular cause, but only to satisfy his own caprice and to exercise his power, his tardy success did not hold so much in store for him as he had anticipated. Favored minister of a sentimental and reasonable queen, he resembled an old plumed pheasant featherless in a gilded cage.

This genial intruder, moreover, grew old more gracefully than most people, for with all his good fortune and worldly advancement he remained true to his only love. He had married a much older woman who lacked both social position and wealth. This constancy is an expression of family love, so powerful a trait in his race. Although Disraeli methodically and eagerly tried to become assimilated, he did not sacrifice all his hereditary virtues.

The narration of André Maurois is lucid,

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brilliant, and lively. More than pedantic accuracy is needed to portray a man of action. What is the use of being told the most interesting facts, if they have lost their significance? Here, however, withered documents revive, transfused with blood borrowed from contemporary observation.

In and about Paris, by Sisley Huddleston. Illustrated by Hanslip Fletcher. London: Methuen and Company, 1927. 15*s.*

[*Sunday Times*]

WHEN one hears it said of a man that 'he knows his Paris,' one inevitably inquires, aloud or interiorly, which is the Paris he knows. For there is a sense in which every great city is infinitely greater than the country, even than the world, on whose map it is indicated by so small a dot. Many more people can be said to know England, or Germany, or the United States, than can be said to know London, or Berlin, or New York. And although Paris is a much smaller place physically than London, it is no paradox to say that what in this respect is true of London is even truer of the smaller city.

London is the capital of the world; Paris is, in Hugo's great phrase, *la capitale des peuples*, in Auguste Barbier's greater phrase, *le rendez-vous des âmes*. Paris, says Mr. Huddleston,

> is multitudinous, Paris is complex; Paris is not the Palais Bourbon, the meeting place of the deputies; Paris is not the Grands Boulevards — a blaze of light, a vivacious and perpetual movement; Paris is not the luxurious Rue de la Paix, or the handsome Champs Élysées; Paris is not the nocturnal Montmartre; Paris is not Montparnasse teeming with writers and painters; Paris is not La Villette, Belleville, Ménilmontant, and other quarters crowded with hard-working artisans; Paris is not Passy and Auteuil, and other quiet abodes of the bourgeoisie; it is not even the Quartier Latin with its Sorbonne and Panthéon and Notre Dame — a centre of learning ever since the days when Abélard taught. Paris is all these and much more.

How much more she is, how varied and how vivid are the interests she inspires, to what passions, appetites, curiosities, she appeals and ministers, how beautifully bright, how darkly sad, how splendidly triumphant, how tragically disastrous, are the memories she evokes, may be better learned from the pages of Mr. Huddleston's book than from those of any other I have read. Mr. Huddleston has made it the business and the delight of many years to learn Paris, to know her, to absorb and possess her.

Readers of the *Sunday Times* will need little assurance that, inspired by such a subject and working side by side with such a collaborator, Mr. Hanslip Fletcher has done work worthy of his double inspiration. Nothing better than his illustrations of this volume has yet come from his masterly pencil. In that peculiar mingling of dash and delicacy, that mixture of fidelity to his subject and poetry of interpretation, which is the unfailing *cachet* of his work, his renderings of the Sainte-Chapelle, the Pont Neuf, 'A Vista of Bridges,' Notre Dame, and the Place des Vosges are as fine as anything which has proceeded from a living hand.

Open House, by J. B. Priestley. London: William Heinemann, 1927. 6*s.*

[*Observer*]

WHEN a writer reprints in book form a number of essays that have appeared, word for word, in a well-known weekly, it is usual for the publisher to make some kind of statement to the effect that he is selling, not new, but secondhand, goods. In *Open House* there is not a syllable to warn the reader. He may easily pay his six shillings expecting to read something new by Mr. Priestley. But he may find that he has read the entire book before in weekly installments.

Not that there is any reason to quarrel with the essays themselves. The 'middle' is a notoriously difficult thing to write, and one is frequently left with the impression that three thousand words have been wasted on something that could be more profitably stated in six, but with Mr. Priestley it is the trimmings and decorations — the 'padding,' in fact — that are in themselves the greatest delight. He cannot, even while he is a journalist, forget that he is an artist and that words are noble things, to be treated with reverence and care. Even in rounding off the tale of

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an idle dream he uses prose that has at once charm and dignity: —

> And then not a word more, for suddenly she and the monsters and the park and the bright summer day were all huddled away into the playbox of the night and I found my nose sniffing at the cold morning, and myself further from that park than I am from Sirius. Somewhere in the limbo of dreams, there is a park in which, perhaps, the Berkshire Beasts, like the morning stars, are singing together, singing so beautifully.

In these essays Mr. Priestley appears a tolerant, kindly man, with a natural distrust of extremes — does he not invent the rime, 'Lowbrow, Highbrow, Broadbrow's my brow'? — and a readiness to find something to smile at in everything. He has not lost the capacity to wonder, and has no objection to entering Fairyland so long as 'born in Yorkshire' is written in large letters on his passport. Indeed, his answer is so soft that it turneth away the wrath of the reader of the well-known weekly. The publishers are almost forgiven in the satisfaction of finding Mr. Priestley's journalism so well worth rereading.

Pretty Creatures, by William Gerhardi. London: Ernest Benn, 1927. 6*s*.

[*Morning Post*]

Mr. Gerhardi, in these five short pieces, does what he has already shown at length he can do better: he invents figures of a comic absurdity which it is amusing to see dance on an appropriately artificial stage. There is as little doubt as ever about his artfulness, and yet he sometimes betrays it here by flaunting a heartlessness which, if never in doubt, was at any rate more skillfully veiled earlier.

Take 'The Big Drum,' — the slightest of the five, it is true, — in which the girl feels love for her Otto slipping away because of his poor rôle in the band as drummer. Suddenly the potpourri from Johann Strauss breaks out into a resounding march. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Good old big drum! It leads the way. Her Otto leads! The girl's humiliation is cast like a cloak, and love for him flutters up wildly again within her. That is a comic notion, and Mr. Gerhardi works it up divertingly. But you know it is merely a notion; it could never have happened. And the author too indifferently concedes its impossibility, and is content that you should understand that from the start.

In 'Tristan und Isolde' and 'The Vanity Bag' (with their Americans abroad, variations on the same theme), comic characters like Herr Direktor Schultz are carefully staged in an absurd world to which they themselves belong; although even in these pieces there are lapses from the perfect accord which 'In the Wood' alone achieves. But 'A Bad End' displays in another and worse manner the heartlessness already challenged as a treachery to art. In this case it is not a comic situation which collapses for want of plausible props. Here Mr. Proudfoot, novelist, charged with the murder of his friend Weaver, the dentist, and condemned and hanged for the crime, has bestowed on him all the implications of innocence baffled by Fate. He passes, a comic figure, from the absurdity of the quarrel to the full panoply of tragedy, without the author's preparing us for the transition. The appropriate artificiality of the staging is lacking. It is a surprisingly good end reached by haphazard.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

Essays on Old London, by Sydney Perks. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Company, 1927. $5.00.

THE City Surveyor to the Corporation of the City of London has had unique opportunities to consult records and make excavations, with the result that he has come to certain conclusions on three points of dispute. The three essays in this thin quarto volume are the outcome. The first is on the restoration and recent discoveries at the Guildhall, the second on London town-planning schemes after the Great Fire in 1666, and the last on the scheme for a Thames Embankment after the fire. Mr. Perks is convinced that the present Guildhall was erected as a complete building, and not in two or more stages; he puts Wren in a far from flattering light as regards his plans for rebuilding the city; and he shows that the scheme for an embankment never quite got to the stage of real constructional work. All three conclusions are contrary to the general opinion held before this author made his researches. The book is tastefully made, and is illustrated with many fine photographs and diagrams.

A Call to Order, by Jean Cocteau. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1927. $1.50.

AMERICAN readers know M. Cocteau chiefly as an entertaining novelist, though they are aware of his abilities in other fields. This book of essays reveals a man of many gifts, but too self-centred and specialized to hold out much general interest. Perhaps the fact that the contents of this book were written between 1918 and 1926 accounts for the air of wonder with which he mentions the commonplace name of Stravinski, but the capricious selection of certain celebrities for honorable or dishonorable mention and the author's ignorance or disdain of other equally significant personalities prevents this book from being the handbook to modern art that some of us might have hoped for. Instead, it consists chiefly of a Baedeker to M. Cocteau's own perverse and amusing mind. Occasionally brilliant, frequently witty, often trite, and incessantly surprising, it is caviar to the general, and introduces us to one of the more important, though by no means the most important, of the younger French writers.

From Bismarck to the World War, by Erich Brandenburg. Translated by A. E. Adams. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch, 1927.

ON the basis of hitherto unpublished documents in the German Foreign Office, the Professor of Modern History at the University of Leipzig has written the first thorough account of German foreign policy during the quarter of a century that preceded the World War. He is led to conclude that the tactlessness, pettiness, and sheer incompetence of Berlin diplomacy — and specifically Holstein's theory of 'compensations,' which inevitably blocked a consistent world programme — created a situation that made it easy for France and Russia to settle with the sword their grievances in Alsace-Lorraine and the Balkans. Only a person who still habitually refers to all Germans as 'Huns' can fail to be impressed by the author's liberal views; and if one does not agree with his conclusions in every respect, one must at least suspend judgment — as he himself suggests our doing — until the other Powers follow Germany's example and give their Foreign Office files a complete airing.

But Professor Brandenburg has done a great deal more than contribute an important chapter to the War Guilt Controversy. He has provided us with an accurate and exciting inside story of the workings of modern diplomacy. He has brought together and brought to life an entire era in

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European history. To read the book is not only to gain new understanding of the origins of the war — it is to learn from the examples of yesterday, the lessons of to-day.

Balzac, by René Benjamin. Translated by James F. Scanlan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1927. $5.00.

In writing the biography of a great man it is the fashion these days to cast it in the form of a romance in which monologue and dialogue play far more important parts than description. M. Benjamin has clearly made an exhaustive study of his sources, but by using his material in this manner he has effectively avoided all appearance of documentation. With occasional lapses into artificiality, Balzac is presented with power and conviction; the book is never dull, and is often intensely human.

Balzac's life was one of unbelievable activity, in which the later product amply compensated for the worthless writing of earlier days. It was not until he conceived the idea of creating a full picture of the society of his time that his great work began. Then, as a man filled with ambition and pride, taught by disastrous business failures and the faithful love and advice of his mistress, passionately fond of women, and gifted with understanding of human nature, he achieved the recognition which he had always worked for and craved. Love affairs play a very prominent part in M. Benjamin's biography, but they undoubtedly bulked large in Balzac's life. The author has written a fascinating book.

The Peat-Cutters, by Alphonse de Chateaubriant. Translated from the French by F. Mabel Robinson. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press, 1927. $2.50.

This tale of French peasant life provides a welcome change from the more popular sophistication of many Parisian writers, for perhaps nowhere is the bond which attaches Frenchmen to the soil so strong and so picturesque as in the boggy region at the mouth of the Loire. In this setting we witness a stark tragedy that revolves about Aoustin, a ranger with a heart of black peat, a fist of knotted oak, and a head as strong as the iron roots from which he builds his boats. Fundamentally the story well merits the Grand Fiction Prize it received in 1923 from the French Academy.

But the translation cannot be so highly praised. It is crudely executed, makes annoying attempts to catch the idiom of a purely provincial people, and tries to render *tu* and *vous* in English. Translations are rarely improvements upon originals, but there is no excuse for mangling an excellent novel.

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OCTOBER EVENTS ABROAD

AUSTRIA

Kermesse of the Emperor Joseph, October 16.

International Fair, at Innsbruck.

BELGIUM

St. Bavon's Day in Ghent and Haarlem, October 1.

Processions at Namur and Nivelles, October 2.

ENGLAND

International Shoe and Leather Fair opens at London, October 3.

Imperial Agricultural Research Conference in London opens, October 4.

Carnival at Morecambe opens, October 11.

'Mop' Fair at Stratford on Avon and Warwick, October 12.

Better Housing Exhibition opens in Manchester, October 19.

Bampton Fair at Bampton, Devonshire, October 27.

Ancient Horse and Cattle Fair at Marlow, Buckinghamshire, October 29.

Musical Festival at Blackpool.

International Exhibition of Inventions in London.

Twenty-first International Motor Show in London.

FRANCE

Annual fair opens at Douai, October 1.

Art Exhibition at Enghien-les-Bains, October 1.

'Fête Brévière' at Forges-les-Eaux, October 2.

Horse racing at the Courbiers hippodrome, Nîmes, October 2.

'Semaine Glorieuse' at Lille, October 2 to 9.

Celebration of Saint Firmin, at Uzes, October 11.

Local fêtes at Lamalou-les-Bains, throughout October.

GERMANY

Volksfest begins in Munich, October 2.

Clockmakers' and Jewelers' Fair opens in Berlin, October 2.

Old Dresden Folk Festival of the Archers' Guild on the Vogelwiese, Dresden, October 2 to 10.

Fourth All-German School Music Week, Dresden, October 3 to 8.

Union of the German Women's Clubs, Magdeburg, early in October.

Third Congress for Nonalcoholic Education of the Young, Hamburg, early in October.

Raw Materials Conference and Exhibition, together with the meetings of the Society of German Iron Magnates, German Society for Metal Research, Head Committee of the German Electrotechnical Industry, and others, at Berlin, opens October 22.

Congress of the Iron and Steel Manufacturers, Düsseldorf, October 26.

Autumn Week of Art and Science, Kiel, begins October 30.

Fourth Congress of the Association for Intellectual Coöperation, at Heidelberg.

HUNGARY

Memorial Day, October 6.

Executive Committee of the Lutheran World Convention meets at Budapest.

IRELAND

Metropolitan Races at Baldoyle, October 8.

Proudstown Park Races at Navan, October 22.

ITALY

Rosary Sunday, Grand Procession from the Minerva in Rome, October 2.

Victory Day, a Fascist holiday and anniversary of the March on Rome, October 28.

Beginning of Week's Fair at Moncalieri, near Turin, October 29.

MOROCCO

Horse racing at Casablanca, October 9 to 23.

NORWAY

Thanksgiving Day, October 31.

RUMANIA

Annual Fair at Chisinau.

SPAIN

Festival of the Race, celebrating the discovery of America, observed in the cities, October 12.

Queen's Birthday, national holiday, October 24.

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